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JANUARY, 1938



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THE MISSILE P

VOL. XXVI

PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY, 1938

No. One

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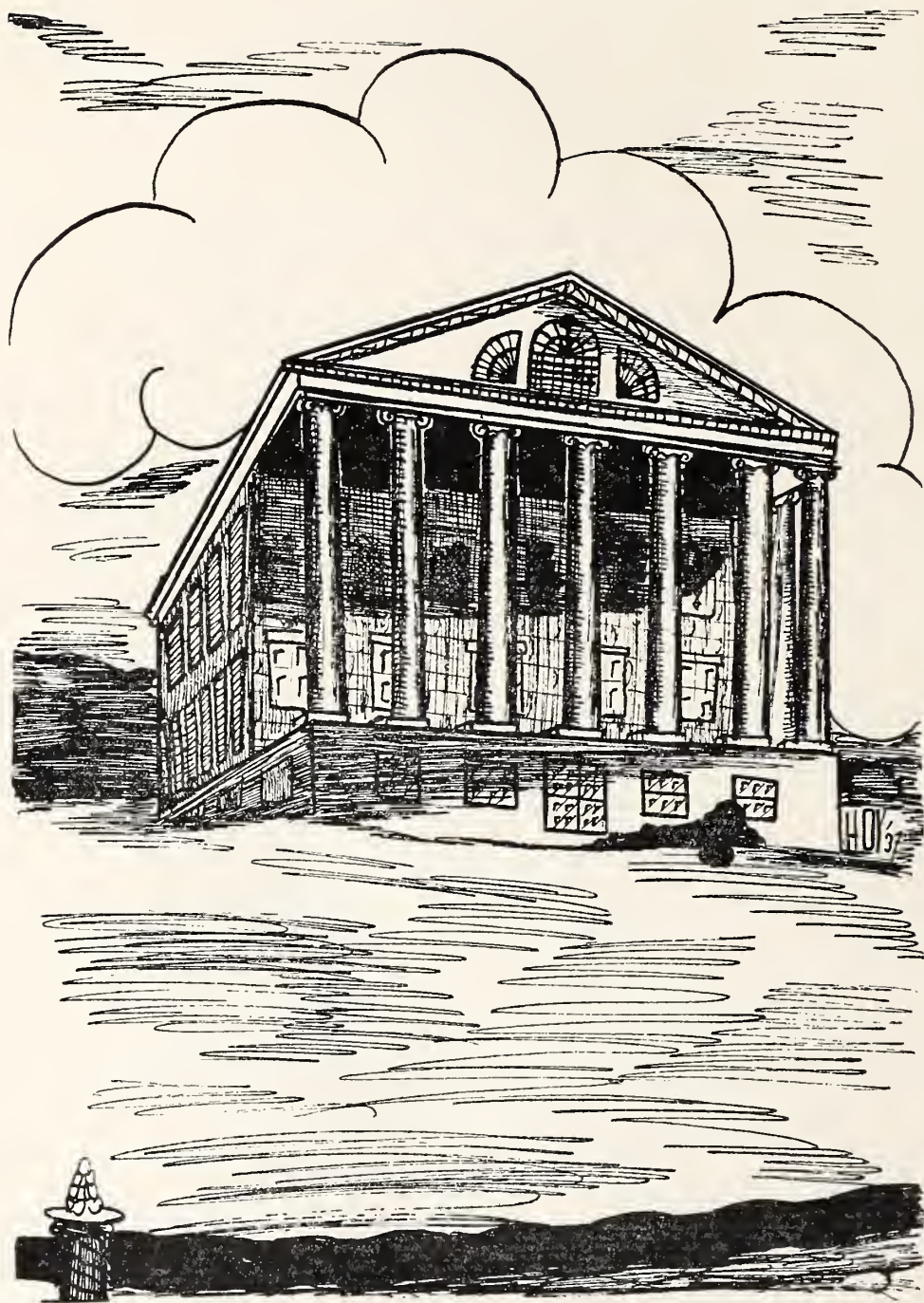
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THE ORIGINAL STATE CAPITOL

—drawn by William Hoy.



Richmond..

AN HISTORICAL SURVEY

By Jacqueline Phillips

1679 - 1800



THE CITY of Richmond began with a trading station at "Shaccos," two mills (supposedly corn or flour mills), and a rise of land east of the James River originally known as "Indian Hill," so named because of the Rebellion of 1679. Here William Byrd II in the year 1733 "laid out" plans for a city to be named Richmond. Major William Mayo two years later surveyed the town site into thirty-two lots, four lots long and eight wide, with streets sixty-three feet wide. The two center lots were given to the vestry of Henrico Parish, and thereon was built the church of Saint John in the year 1741.

Colonel Byrd did not live to see his town boom. After his death in 1744 Richmond had little history, as William III lacked initiative, and none of his father's ambitious dreams was carried out in his lifetime.

Later, however, the city was incorporated and granted a charter. Merchants and mechanics took up town lots, mills were built, taverns opened, and fairs held there twice a year. Jacob Ege about this time built the famous Old Stone House still standing on Main Street.

Trade, however, continued to grow. The great river plantation owners and outlying settlers brought in their products (mainly tobacco and furs) and, in return, secured their supplies. Thus, Richmond became an active trade center.

In 1752, by act of the General Assembly, a Board of Trustees was

appointed. Headed by Peter Randolph, this body regulated the streets, settled disputes, forbade the building of wooden chimneys, and established rules for the more orderly building of homes. The city now acquired a Court House, a jail, several new warehouses, and a Jockey Club.

The next ten years marked a progressive period for Richmond despite the rumblings of the approaching Revolution. The little town became better organized, and a lottery was arranged for the disposal of town lots and adjacent property extending westward across the river including Rocky Ridge and the Shockoes west of Shockoe Creek. Mill sites, fisheries, and the Shockoe warehouses were offered as prizes. Lands were also granted in fee simple on condition only of building a house within three years. The years 1768-69 saw this section incorporated into a town under the name of Manchester. "The freshett" of 1771 destroyed most of the new Manchester property.

The year 1775 found the Revolutionary War well on its way. Many of the outstanding citizens remained staunch Loyalists, William Byrd III among them, and refused to take measures of defense against the Mother Country.

On July 17th at a convention held at Saint John's Church, every hope of reconciliation with England was expelled by Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech. Plans were made for the defense of Richmond and a temporary government formed. This resulted in the building of America's first powder factory at Ampthill, property of Archibald Cary, near Falling Creek.

The war fever mounted in 1776 with the reading of the Declaration of Independence on August 5th of that year, and progress was retarded accordingly. In 1779, a wooden capitol building was erected, and the seat of government was moved from Williamsburg to Richmond. The growth of the city now consisted of powder magazines and foundries at Westham.

The year 1780 found Richmond and vicinity in the hectic activity of war: mobilizing and training troops, illness, cold, starvation, lack of medical attention, and the three hundred homes of the town crowded and over-run with officers of state and refugees. Emotion ran high: resentment, fear, and excitement in turn, as the city was visited by Benedict Arnold, Phillips, Cornwallis, and the timely arrival of Lafayette. Richmond and Manchester were raided, warehouses burned, and Ampthill and the Cary mills destroyed. However, August, 1781, saw an end to the Revolutionary hostilities in Richmond.

During the next four years, Richmond launched again into prosperity.

A city council was formed and its first mayor, Doctor William Foushee, was elected. The first newspaper was published, hospital and bank buildings planned, the foundation laid for a new capitol; a Masonic Hall (the first in America) was erected. Richmond was now a whirlpool of social affairs including two mammoth receptions given Generals Washington and Lafayette.

In 1787, a fire destroyed forty or fifty houses and stores, Mayo's Bridge was opened, and the Statue of Washington by Houdon was placed in Capital Square. A new market was built on Shockoe Hill. The Mutual Insurance Society, then incorporated, is still in operation. Many wealthy planters maintained homes in Richmond because of its social prestige.

1800 - 1830

John Marshall's appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1802 was the outstanding event of this period. Other forward steps were: gas street lights (the first in the world) and a water system. Incidentally occurred the theater fire of 1811, the powder mill explosion, and much social scandal.

1812 found Richmond primed for another war. Forts were erected and garrisoned by four thousand men, but Richmond was unharmed. In 1815, the first steamboat on the James caused much excitement. The first fire department and free public school were organized.

The population of Richmond in 1820 was 12,067. The city now boasted a hotel, the new Marshall Theater and Second Market, a stone bridge over Shockoe Creek, and Monumental Church. By contribution of the ladies of Richmond, a war vessel had been built.

1830 - 1840

This was a period of industrial expansion with the packet boat Constitution making its first trip between Richmond and Lynchburg, and a road operating between the Midlothian mines to Manchester. The year 1833 is memorable for its great meteoric shower. This decade ended with a boom, the oddest on record. The entire country was swept by a craze for silk culture. Millions of mulberry trees and silkworm eggs were imported. Little silk was produced, however, and the bubble burst leaving many penniless.

1850 - 1870

This period marks the growth of population to 27,570. The city was humming with industrial enterprises: Treadegar Iron Works, five railway systems, the Galleo Mills, telegraph lines, a new magazine launched,

"The Southern Messenger", of which Edgar Allan Poe was editor; three companies returning from the Mexican War, an occasional exodus to the California gold fields, the cornerstone laying and dedication of Washington's Monument, and the Medical College and a hospital established. The Jenny Lind Concert and the visits of Baron Renfrew and Edward VII further stamped Richmond a city of social prestige.

The country about Richmond was now well populated by wealthy planters, many owning from two hundred to five hundred slaves. The city enjoyed a prosperity unexcelled by her former history. Political bickerings caused much envy, unrest, and antagonism, however. Every tongue became busy with such phrases as "the Union," "slaveholders," "states' rights," and "secession."

With the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 war was inevitable. On April 17, 1861, Virginia withdrew from the Union, and Richmond's lot was cast for the cause of the Confederacy.

Seven days later, the city was overrun with soldiers. Camps were erected on every available, vacant space, while other thousands, fleeing the invaders, sought refuge during that year within the environs of Richmond. The mobilization of Virginia under the direction of Robert E. Lee was an outstanding and notable achievement.

During the next four years, Richmond suffered her share of the nation's woe. Lacking sufficient clothing, medical facilities, and even ammunition, the battered, entrenched Southern armies built forts and earthworks. About the city, old men, boys, and convalescent cripples fought for her defense.

The surrender of General Lee to General Grant on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox, Virginia, marked an end to four years of bloodshed. Richmond's sacrifices to this war were best made known by the memorials to her dead. They lay not in companies only, but in battalions, regiments, and brigades. Richmond bears the inscription of the bloody fruits of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Fort Harrison, Drewry's Bluff, and many other fields where southern valor illumined the pages of history.

The great Civil War, or more correctly named Brother's War, had a profound effect upon the entire history of Richmond, as may well be expected in view of the fact that it was early made the capital of the Confederacy and throughout the war the objective for all the aggressive movements of the eastern army of the Union. The Mississippian, Jefferson Davis, was, at an election held at Montgomery, Alabama, made president

of the Confederate States of America, and, as chief executive, occupied the impressive building that is now the Confederate Museum. Petersburg has been termed the Key to Richmond, and its importance was proven by the fact that immediately after it fell, April 2, 1865, the southern capital was evacuated, President Davis being called out of a church service to flee. Another element in the evacuation was the seizure of the Confederate lines of supply by General Grant. A portion of the city was burned by the retreating Southerners, but this area has long since been rebuilt with the beautiful buildings that envelop most of modern Richmond.

1870 - 1900

The year 1870 began a new era for Richmond. Struggling up through the ashes of the devastating Civil War of 1861-1865, she covered the dark pages of her history with determined reconstruction and turned to culture, literature, and music. The Mozart Association was organized, Memorial Day established, and the Westmoreland Club founded while the "Sun Do Move" sermons of the Reverend John Jasper, a negro preacher, did much to distract the mind from the late strife and bloodshed. In the year 1888, telephones, electric street lights and railways were installed.

1900—

The twentieth century found Richmond well advanced and steady in progress. 1900 brought the automobile, motion pictures, radio, "wireless," and airplane. Medical science and facilities had advanced beyond belief. In 1906, three thousand acres and twelve thousand people were annexed to Richmond, and a gift of two hundred and sixty-two acres of suburban land was added. In 1910, Manchester was consolidated with Richmond and her population was 127,628.

The present area of Richmond is 23.97 square miles with a population of 220,513. There are twelve banks, two hundred and forty-nine churches, forty-four public school buildings, sixteen private and parochial schools, nine colleges, eleven hotels, three hundred manufacturing plants, six railroads, eleven passenger bus lines, and four airlines.

Richmond has maintained her old traditions, but not at the expense of adopting new developments .

Verses

By Julian Rooks, Jr.

To Amelia Earhart

You once flew high above the land and seas,
So like a bird who loves to fly and wings
Its way upon the lightest hidden breeze
To seek a better view of earthly things;
The clear blue sky was native to your heart,
And all the lands you touched were somewhat linked
By your sweet love that never shall depart,
Not even from the stars that to you winked.

We searched the deep Pacific of her space,
And islands where no living beasts reside,
But never did we find your smiling face
Which in my mind is now and will abide,
But you have gone above where angels sing
To fly with them upon your silver wing.

Thoughts of the Sea

I love to stand upon the massive wharf,
And see the splashing surge upon the seas,
And hear the sucking, clucking, breaking waves
As they react to every blowing breeze.

It brings upon my mind a long desire
To lug the lapping sail into the wind,
And feel the lurching, jerking, sturdy wheel,
Whenever the ship ascends upon the brine.

I love to hear the seafowl's crying voice
Above the slender, sloping, slimy reef,
And when these thoughts upon my mind recur,
I hurry home to bring my heart relief.

Obituary

Illustrated by William Crowder

By Anne Frank

LINTON Brooks Kirby, Lt. U. S. N., 37, died here today at 1:15 P. M. in the Academy Hospital due to injuries received when his house burned last Friday night. He had been entertaining a group of Sea Scouts at his home at the Naval Academy. The fire, caused by a short circuit, spread rapidly, and a Sea Scout, Wallace Hughes, Jr., was trapped on the second floor. Without hesitation Lt. Kirby rushed into the blazing house and rescued the boy. Both collapsed at the foot of the burning stairs and were brought out by a fireman, John Shantz. They were immediately taken to the Academy Hospital.



“Kirby, born in Norfolk, Virginia, was left an orphan at the age of 11. At the orphanage he became an intimate friend of Wallace Hughes, the father of the boy whom he saved. Kirby and Hughes, by their own merits, gained entrance to the United States Naval Academy in 1911. Kirby was graduated from the Academy in 1915 with high honors.

“At the outbreak of the war Kirby and Hughes were made aides to Admiral H. P. Denton.

“On the afternoon of October 1st, 1917, an unidentified Austrian spy discovered by Admiral Denton rooting through his papers, was threatening the admiral with a small hand grenade when Kirby and Hughes entered. Seeing that escape was impossible, the spy started to throw the bomb at Admiral Denton. Both Kirby and Hughes leapt at the Austrian and caught his arm. The grenade fell to the floor, and in the explosion, Hughes and the spy lost their lives, Kirby was seriously injured, and the admiral escaped with a few minor flesh wounds.

“Due to these injuries, Kirby was forced to retire from active duty in the Navy, devoting himself to teaching at Annapolis.

"Here on March 22, 1920, he married Martha Denton, the admiral's daughter.

"He is survived by his wife and two children, Marian, aged 8, and Walter, aged 6.

"His will, made only last week, bequeathed two-thirds of his estate to his wife and children and one-third to Mrs. Florence Hughes and Wallace Hughes, Jr., the wife and son of his old friend.

"The funeral, which will"

* * * *

Florence Hughes stopped reading. She was thinking of her own life. Her life had really begun the day that she had first seen Wallace. She could still see him bending over her little dog at which several bad boys had been throwing stones. He had walked home with her, and a natural friendship had blossomed forth. She remembered the thrill she had had at the thought of going to Annapolis; then she was there; and then, June 26, 1917, their wedding day. It had been a simple wedding with only a few friends. Wallace had had to leave the next week, and that was the last time she ever saw him. It was only a few months later that he had been killed. Then the baby had come. Florence smiled; she had always been so proud of him, he was so like his father, loving the sea and everything connected with it. He had become a Sea Scout, admired and well-liked by all of his many friends. So much so, in fact, that he was unanimously chosen by his troop of Sea Scouts to represent them at Annapolis.

This abruptly brought her back to the present. She remembered the telegram telling of Wallace's injuries, and urging her to come immediately; the hurried preparations and the all-night flying. Then the hospital and her child—he hadn't recognized her—waiting painfully for news and finally receiving a good report and knowing that he would recover, then being ushered into Clinton Kirby's room.

The shades had been drawn when she had entered. Kirby had told the nurse to go and had asked Florence to sit down. She had obeyed, and as she had started to thank him, he had raised his hand weakly.

"Please, Florence," he had said thickly.

She had stopped, wondering, and then she had looked at him closely. Her heart had leapt into action and clamored to be let out. Her blood had frozen, and yet it was coursing through her veins with the speed of a bullet. Her lungs had ached; she was afraid to breathe and her head had held a million riveting machines.

"Wallace!" she has gasped. "Oh, my God!" She had felt broken; she was numb and bewildered.

"Yes, Florence, it is I," he had said. He, too, was broken. She could see that he had had a terrible battle with himself.

Suddenly, she had felt sorry for him, knowing that she still loved him. Swiftly she had gone to him and taken him in her arms.

"No, Florence, dear, you musn't. Not—not until I've told you what—what—that is, how rotten I've been to you," he had said painfully.

"It doesn't matter, darling," she had said passionately. "I love you anyhow."

"No, no," he had insisted. "I must tell you. Please, dearest. Don't—don't interrupt me. It—will be—easier if you don't."

She had promised and he had begun weakly.

"When I left you in Norfolk that summer, I was so happy. Everything was bright and I was the proudest man on earth. Then when I got aboard, the—the admiral's daughter, Martha, was there and—and she had the admiral invite Clint and me to dinner. She was very charming and beautiful and had taken a shine to Clint and," he had winced, "I took a shine to her. I was sure I loved her and was ready to do almost anything to get her. Oh, Florence," he broke off, "I've been such a fool."

"Go on, dearest," she had said caressing his forehead tenderly though her heart was breaking.

"Well, to make a long, bitter story short, the day that the admiral was threatened by that spy—" he had found it hard to continue.

"And somehow you changed places with Clinton?" she had asked. She had felt stronger then.

"Yes," he had said with difficulty, "when I came to, they were calling me Kirby. Somehow, in the explosion, all of our identifications got mixed. I—I was so infatuated with Martha that I decided to let it go at that. Clint, poor fellow, was dead. I knew that you would get the war insurance and that—that you'd probably soon forget me, and—and get married again or—or something," he had ended lamely.

He had paused exhausted. She had said nothing but had held him closer, knowing that she loved him and yet knowing that she ought to hate him.

Finally he had begun again, "My nose was broken and with the cuts on my face, I looked very much like Clint. Everyone thought I was he. When I got back to port and I found Martha waiting for Clint, I was ex-

ultant. She was nicer than she'd ever been to Clint and—well, then we got married. I soon found that she could never take your place and that I really didn't love her. There was nothing I could do, but I truly paid for my sins. I thought about you almost constantly until my heart nearly burned out. Then last week when—our son came to my house and I found that we had a son and that you'd been true to me, oh, Florence, I could hardly bear it all!"

Florence had spoken impetuously, "Don't, don't. It's all behind us now. We've got the best of our lives ahead of us. The past doesn't matter."

"No," he had said sadly, "my life is nearly over. I am dying and as a dying man I beg you, Florence, to—to forgive me."

"No, no, you can't die," she had cried. "It wouldn't be fair. Not when I've just gotten you back!"

"Please, Florence," he had been firm, "it would hurt you more if I lived. Please, Florence, say that you'll forgive me. I know it's much, much more than I deserve, but please say it."

"Why—why, yes, yes, I do forgive you, Wallace, I do." She had felt dazed.

He had smiled a wan smile. "Thank you, my dearest." Then he had closed his eyes and had been very still.

Panic had struck at Florence's heart. She had left him, half running, half stumbling, down the corridor. She had been white and trembling when she found the nurse and had blurted forth almost unintelligible phrases. However, the nurse understood. They had put her in a white room and had given her bitter things to drink. Finally they had told her that he was dead. She hadn't cried, for she knew then that it was best he had died.

All this had happened a few hours ago; yet it seemed like an eternity. She wondered, dully, if Martha knew about her. Florence thought not, and she knew that Martha would never know from her.

"I wonder if I can go to see my child now," she thought as she laid the paper down on the table.

These I Have Loved

By Nellie Burt Wright

Shadows

'Twas yesterday we saw the shadows fall,
With smiling lips and strangely raptured souls;
Together we adored the dusty pall
Of twilight's ashes, spilled from glowing coals.
We gazed bewildered on the starry face
Of silent heaven—pale Diana's skies;
Our souls bound fast in ecstasy's embrace
Unknowing caught a glimpse of Paradise.
The sinking sun still casts its distant rays;
The sky still burns, more lurid than before;
Soft glimmering stars, the gems of yesterdays,
Are beaming yet, with brighter, softer lore.
Today the somber world lies bleak and bare,
The mocking shadows cry you are not there!

The Cardinal's Modesty

When people pass and look into this tree
(I don't know how they know that I am here)
But yet they stand and stare, amazed at me,
I sing my little ditty in each ear,
Right- right, right-right,
Right here!

Though vanity is alien to my mind
'Twould render false to outwardly deny
That men rejoice whene'er my lot they find;
To favor them, my whereabouts I cry,
Right- right, right-right,
Right here!

My beady eye, my flaming carmine vest,
Prithee, don't think that I conspire conceit,

But who e'er saw the like of such a breast,
'Tis only proper then, that I repeat,
Right- right, right-right,
Right here!

Men's vanities have long my patience tried;
I cannot fathom one who deems he's dear;
I would not mar my race with foolish pride.
Wait—harken now! Methinks someone is near,
Right- right, right-right,
Right here!

My Piano

My piano is to me
A lovely little maid
Who listens, oh so patiently,
To everything I've said.

Then in echoes soft and sweet
My words return again.
How tenderly she does repeat
Her confidante's refrain.

It is to her I often go
To ease my lonely heart;
I know she'll comfort every woe
Before I can depart.

Even though my heart is free
And lighter than a feather,
To her I go and share my glee
So we can laugh together.

To tell her all my woes and joys
I touch her with my hands;
Then I hear her gentle voice
And know she understands.

I Circle the Old Dominion

By William Puryear



DESIRING the adventures of travel and yet wishing to have a feeling of security, both financial and physical (also driven by poverty) I conceived the idea of enlisting in the Civilian Conservation Corps. Now wait, I know exactly what you are thinking, that I really meant that I wished to cultivate the technique of consuming alcoholic beverages, to develop the art of casting the ivory cubes with the black dots, acquire the ability of producing royal flushes from the fifty-two articles of that game of chance, or learn to master the vocabulary of cursing. That, my friend, is your and the other four hundred's idea of the C. C. C., and that's where you are all crazy. I defend it because I have belonged to it; I know by experience and you know only the one-tenth of it that you see on the streets.

To begin with it was one of those hot and sultry summer mornings in '36, when the scorching sun sent its first searing rays of white heat penetrating to the very soul of mankind; when the blistering concrete walks combine with the reflecting glass windows of houses to form a glaring scene of eye-torturing humidity.

An eye glass case, tooth brush, pencil, torn blue shirt, faded brown cotton trousers, and green shorts completed my lavish wardrobe.

Twenty-six negroes and six white boys comprised the little social group that met at the court house to await transportation to the recruiting office in Richmond. The negro-owned bus with its colored driver finally arrived, the six white boys and twenty-six colored boys piling together into it. With windows closed the stuffy bus soon reeked with a musky, nauseating odor that stifled and choked. I didn't mind; I felt lost and forlorn anyway. If you have never left home with only twenty-five cents in your pocket, and no food in your hand, and not knowing your destination, then you cannot comprehend my emotions.

I guess the other five white boys felt just as bad, for they were not very talkative. Only one of them had I ever seen; the others had never met one another before. From what I gathered from their sketchy speeches one was an orphan who had left his aunt; another was also an orphan who had no relatives and had been forced to make his own way in life since he was twelve. The third boy (the one I knew slightly) lived with his father and step-mother, his mother having long ago passed the great

divide. The fourth boy was very rough and hard, a remorseless type who had served time in the State Reform School and city jail. The fifth lad was from Hopewell. He said that he was compelled to work to send his little sister to school and support the family. The sixth, of course, myself. The negroes appeared to be of the lowest kind, both mentally and morally.

We arrived in Richmond and spent the greater part of the day at the recruiting office, uncertain still as to our next move. Here our first charity on the government was a fifty-cent lunch in a nearby restaurant to each man.

Sometime that evening we were placed on an electric car and taken to the railroad station. A special train with two cars only, one for the negroes and one for the six white boys, took us to West Point, Va.

At West Point we boarded a boat that plies the Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore, Md. Coincidentally, it was the same passenger boat that burned up this summer on the Chesapeake. It burned exactly one year from the day that I traveled on it. To think of it more seriously, had I been born one year earlier or enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps one year later, then I would probably have perished in the flames.

My voyage up the bay took place in the twilight and night. I had hardly been on the boat an hour when a steward requested us to take our dinner before the rush at six o'clock. Even at this early hour several ladies and gentlemen sat at tables around us partaking of food. One of the boys wore a coat, and as the rest were in shirt sleeves he proceeded to shed his. The captain, who was entertaining several ladies, walked over and discourteously told the boy to don the coat, that ladies were present. He also made a remark to the effect that he ought to have known that filthy rodents of the gutters would not have the decency to possess a coat. We took it as a joke and smiled.

After dinner we all went on deck to view the James River scenery as we had not passed into the bay yet. The boat stopped at numerous docks to take freight and passengers. Night found us six forgotten individuals still sitting by the rail with the salty spray blowing in healthy gusts into our faces.

The last stop we made that night left a melancholy mood in my mind, and a lingering remembrance still returns to haunt and choke me. I stood alone at the rail watching the deck hands loading vegetables, and the milling country folk that had come to meet the boat. A dance hall was built out on the water. Many happy and carefree couples danced to the melody of a hit song of that season. As they laughed and smoked

a lump rose in my throat and my eyes became watery. They were happy, they were at home, while I was alone, unknown and friendless, knowing not where I was going or if I should ever see my home again. Within gaiety—without sorrow—the futility of life!

The rest of the evening was uneventful with the exception of a little blonde who politely stated she would have little to do with tramps and especially “urchins of the C. C. C.”

Out into the blackness of the bay we traveled until the distant shores were only visible by beacons guiding the ships on their course. The sky is never so beautiful as it is in the nocturnal shadows on the obscured waters of the Chesapeake.

Our sleeping quarters were below the deck amid the steam pipes of the boat, that were approximately 100 degrees at all times. I went to bed at eleven o'clock but couldn't sleep in that terrific heat. Upon hearing peals of thunder and feeling the rock of the boat several hours later, I dressed and returned to deck. We had come into a severe storm. The lightning leaped and lunged across the sky; the rain and wind swept the deck. A steward on watch ordered me back into the boat as it was unsafe up there.

The early morning found us six back on deck waiting to see the sun rise. We came upon another passenger boat that had been rammed by a freighter loaded with bricks. The Governor of Maryland and other Washington officials were aboard, but had been rescued by navy planes and coast guards.

Early that morning we docked in Baltimore, Md., where we had another long wait, as we had no instructions as what was to happen here. The negroes who had been separated from us on boat were with us again. After about an hour had elapsed a man walked into the waiting room and told us to come with him.

We were escorted to the railroad station about two blocks from the docks. Here we all were placed in one car of a special train. If you have noted, I stated earlier that we were placed in separate cars in Richmond (one for the white and one for the colored) but now we were north of the Mason and Dixon line. The electric train ran between Washington and Baltimore, taking us approximately half way to Odenton, Md. Here we were met by buses which were also waiting for a southbound train loaded with enrollees from Pittsburgh. They soon arrived and let me tell you, brother, that was the toughest looking crew of men north of Hades. Illiterates and tramps from the slums of Pittsburgh. But I shall give credit where it is

due; some were high school graduates, and out of these I found some of the best friends I have ever known.

The buses took us three miles to Fort George G. Meade. Here all C. C. C. enrollees are conditioned for a certain period to see if they are fit men for the Civilian Conservation Corps. You undergo a hard examination, work hard and eat rough. It is here that many slackers desert and spread the tales of the hardships that they are compelled to endure. The man who tells you of the faults is the one who can't take it, and runs away during the conditioning period.

I stayed here three weeks, during which time I was issued clothing, a kit consisting of needles, thread, thimble, shaving cream, razor with blades, soap box, soap and comb.

As rough as it was, food was abundant, with butter and potatoes completing our menu. Work was also plentiful. During my stay I collected garbage, dug ditches, set up targets, broke rock, and K. P'd. At the end of three weeks I was placed in an assignment of three enrollees to be shipped to Speedwell, Va.

We got up at three a. m., took a bus to the electric train at Odenton, rode to Washington, and boarded a southwest bound train at six in the morning. We passed Alexandria and the trip down the Valley of Virginia took us from six in the morning until four-thirty that evening. The train went over high tressles from mountain top to mountain top, through tunnels, and over picturesque streams finally reaching Wytheville, Virginia.

The mountains seemed impossible to penetrate from Roanoke to Wytheville, yet the train succeeded. We were met by a C. C. C. boy in an army truck at Wytheville who said we had fifteen miles to go to Speedwell, and then three miles to camp. I stated that the train's course seemed impossible, but I really believe that that camp was set back in hills that no mortal man had ever dared enter before. For after reaching Speedwell we went over three miles that was no road at all but rock, narrow passes and sides of mountains that made us look horizontal with the sky. Back in these mountains I found a modern camp with an enrollment of one hundred and forty-five men.

This completes my circle of the Old Dominion but it was just the beginning of adventures that I hope to relate to you in the future. I would like to tell of the work I did in the army office, of the camp life, the strange characters I met in both camp and hills, of how I taught Sunday school at the Holiness church at Henpeck Hollow, how I viewed three states from the Lookout Tower at Corner's Rock, how I participated in a bloody feud

at Ivanhoe, of my weird adventures in the haunted taverns at Tarrapin Neck, how I tripped the light fantastic or did the cake walk at Cripple Creek, Va., and of my light-hearted affairs with the little blonde at Sugar Grove, Va. I have much to tell of the Galax Fair, the game drives, forest fire fighting, and a thousand other things like the hunt for the escaped madman from the Marion asylum.

In conclusion I would like to add that I returned home with an honorable discharge, excellent references, and very little money.



Hometown Touring

By F. Booth Uzzle

Resolved: to see our city fair,
To wander in its colorful streets.
Seeing all the products of fall:
Trees arrayed with motley splashes
Of yellow, brown, golden red;
And freshly painted houses, too.

What's prettier than a home
With greenish trimming, painted white?
Lawn well trimmed, shrubs well kept,
With shining windows, spacious porch,
A place for me and a place for you
Beside its glowing fireside.

Turning a corner we gasp for breath;
For—behold—a block of surpassing beauty!
Someone's dream house is just that.
Across the way, a lovely yard.
Often we are glad that we
Resolved to see our city fair.



—drawn by William Crowder

A Tour of Richmond, Virginia

By Frances Busch Johnson



O near and yet so far! How much veracity is expressed in this wise saying when applied to Richmond. Touring Richmond in any season is a treat not to be overlooked, but touring Richmond in the autumn is a pleasure anyone should anticipate with joy.

The approach to the site of old Libby Prison furnishes the traveler with a beautiful view of the James, reflecting the trees magnificent in their various colors. Dr. Douglas Freeman, our most entertaining guide, related several incidents occurring during the brief existence of this prison.

Chimborazo Rock is an old Indian sacrificial stone brought from the Powhatan Farm. Tradition claims that it is the stone on which Captain John Smith was to have been beheaded when he was saved by the Indian princess, Pocahontas.

Our next stop was at the famous old St. John's Church. Dr. Freeman, in his narrative concerning this church, added greatly to its natural and simple beauty. It seems that in 1741 while laying out the site for two cities, William Byrd also planned a church. Later this became the famous St. John's Church, the oldest in the city. Here the second Virginia convention met in March 1775, and Patrick Henry uttered his immortal oration of "liberty or death." As we left the church we paused for a moment by the grave of the mother of the renowned Edgar Allan Poe.

Presented to the President of the Confederacy as the official residence, the Confederate Museum is one of the few places to have been occupied by both northern and southern presidents. Always deeply interested in our southern generals, we found the personal relics of Lee, Jackson, and Stuart objects of prolonged attention.

We resumed our pilgrimage to Valentine Museum, which pays such beautiful tribute to one of our foremost leaders, Robert E. Lee. Found in this informative museum are the plaster model of the recumbent statue of Lee, the death mask of Jackson, and other objets d'art.

The Confederate Memorial Institute, better known to us as "Battle Abbey," was the next attraction. Established as a supplement to the Confederate Museum, it is the home of the picture gallery of the Confederacy. A French artist, Charles Hoffbrauer, has contributed largely to the Museum by his inspiring murals.

On entering Capitol Square our attention was drawn to Thomas Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington. Surrounding it are statues of other famous Virginia men.

In the rotunda of the State Capitol is a life-size statue of Washington, one of the most valuable pieces of sculpture in America. It is the work of the famous French sculptor, Houdon. In the hall are busts of several Virginia presidents, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Zachary Taylor, and John Tyler, and a head of Lafayette, also by Houdon.

Besides claiming the oldest State Capitol, Virginia boasts of the most historical hall in the United States with the exception of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Here the Confederate Congress met when it was used as a legislative chamber from 1861 to 1865.

We then visited the oldest house in Richmond, the Poe Shrine, erected in 1685. It is justly treated elsewhere in this issue.

We then continued our tour to Lee's headquarters, preserved by the Virginia Historical Society since 1897. An excellent specimen of the houses of that date, it was the residence of the Lee family from January, 1864, to July, 1865.

Reluctantly we took our departure and proceeded to St. Paul's Church. Appropriately for Armistice Day, as we entered the vestibule, we saw a World War tablet commemorating the three Pegram sons. In the church on the right were two stained glass windows depicting incidents from the Bible in commemoration of Jefferson Davis. Beneath these windows is located the pew in which President Davis received a message from Petersburg, saying that it could no longer be held.

On the opposite side is the pew in which General Lee worshipped, and above it is a tablet bearing the Lee coat of arms and a likeness of the Confederate flag.

Riding through Hollywood Cemetery we paused at the graves of Jefferson Davis, Matthew Fontaine Maury, and we saw the grave of John Tyler marked by a granite shaft erected by the Congress of the United States. The remains of eighteen thousand Confederate soldiers lie under the Confederate Memorial.

We then visited Gamble's Hill Park in which one finds a large cross erected where Captain Newport and John Smith selected the site for the erection of Fort Charles.

We made this the last point in our itinerary, thus ending a day both delightful and instructive.

In Somber Mood

By Natalie Lavenstein

Nightfall

Each day I watched the brilliant sunlight fade
Into the dim and blinding dark of night
That filled my pounding, aching heart with fright;
Like one who leaves the bright outdoors for shade
And finds the sought-for shade too thickly laid,
And has to grope with fearful steps for light
To guide his weary, blinded eyes aright,
So did I feel the darkness night had made.

The darkness is my doubt of days ahead,
For who can tell if each new day that's born
On fearful dark and shadow-laden bed
Will make my heart rejoice or weep and mourn
For yesterday with all its joys so dead
And this new day, of hope and faith now shorn?

The Winds

I wonder when the whirling winds
Will find a place to rest
And let the leaves have peace again
And birds go home to nest.

The weary winds just murmur now,
But once they howled aloud
And frightened all the sturdy trees
Until with fear they bowed.

The trees are bare, the birds are gone,
The fragrant flowers dead;
The wind has done its wicked work,
So why has it not fled?

Fall

A gardener rakes the leaves away
To tidy up the lawn,
And I must put away the thought
Of the summer that has gone.

For I am like the leafy tree
That revels in the sun,
And dreads to see the snowflakes fall
When winter has begun.

My heart, too, joins in the sunny dance
Of green and shining leaves,
That sway and murmur with delight
In the warm and joyous breeze.

It's only in the winter months,
When trees are bare and cold,
My heart takes note of passing time
And shivers, feeling old.

The Unsung Hero

By Irving Gordon

Illustrated by J. B. Jackson

“**T**WEET-T!” was the sound, which came from the referee’s whistle, as he jumped into the mob of players to see if the man with the ball was over for a touchdown. A mighty roar rolled down upon the gridiron from the thousands of fans in the stadium as they saw the arms of the referee above his head to signify that the ball was over. The players of Weeler College were hugging and slapping each other on the back.



This, however, soon stopped as they saw a player on the turf holding his knee and writhing in agony. A doctor rushed on the field, examined the player’s leg, and motioned for two other players to help him get the man off the field.

Who was this player? As the injured man was helped to his feet, the fans saw that the number on his jersey was 63. A surprised hush came over the people in the stadium as they scanned their programs to see who 63 was. Was it possible that this player was Steve Rogers, who was believed to be the best athlete to attend Weeler College in the last twenty years; the only player of the college to be recognized by most of the sport writers as one of the best prospects to be chosen quarterback on the All-American team? Yes, it was on their program: No. 63—weight 184—Steve Rogers.

The remaining minutes of the game were played with Jimmy Wilson as the field general for Weeler College.

In the locker-room there were not the back-slapping and congratulations which usually follow a football victory. There was only the silence which follows the arrival of bad news because the team had just learned from the coach that Steve might not be able to play against Washington University for the Eastern Conference championship. If Steve Rogers

was able to play in this game, it would probably cinch his berth on the All-American team.

As the day of the game drew near, the students on the campus became more downcast. They seemed to take out their misfortune on Jimmy Wilson, because he was the second-string quarterback and would get the call if Steve couldn't play. Some went so far as to be rude to him, while others avoided him. Jimmy became worried about it and was on the verge of turning in his uniform when one night his room-mate, Ted Williams, closed the books he was studying and started talking.

"Jimmy," he said, "it would be silly for you to quit the team when it needs you as it does now."

"But, Ted, can't you see how the boys are avoiding me? Even the team is beginning to give me the cold shoulder, and the trouble of it is I haven't done anything. Did I hurt Steve?"

"No," said Ted.

"Could I help it if he got injured?"

"No," repeated Ted.

"Well, what can I do? I've tried to make up to the boys, but they don't seem to want me."

"You can't blame them, Jimmy. Steve is the only player in the history of Wheeler College ever to be recognized as a possible All-American candidate, and now, if he doesn't play in the game with Washington U., he hasn't a chance to be on the team, which is the ambition of all football players."

"But, Ted, why do they blame me?"

"I don't know, Jimmy. You know how people are. As long as you are a hero you are the tops with them, but when you are not on the top of the ladder, you are just another ball player with them."

"You don't expect me to stay on the team while they are treating me as they are now, do you?"

"Well," said Ted, "let's turn in now and talk about it tomorrow."

"O. K., Ted. Good night."

"Good night, Jimmy, and don't you worry. Everything will turn out for the best."

The next week was uneventful for Jimmy Wilson. He practised with the team but lacked his usual pep and vigor.

After practice, on the day before the team was to board a train that

was to carry them to play the championship game, Jimmy walked into the coach's office.

"Coach," began Jimmy in a calm voice, "I'm going to check in my uniform."

Coach Wallace looked up as if he had been expecting this. "Sit down, son, and tell me all about it."

"You know all there is to tell, Coach," said Jimmy. "Steve was hurt, and I was blamed for it. But how could I help it? I wasn't even in the game, and anyway I wouldn't injure any teammate on purpose. You know that, don't you, Coach?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I know you wouldn't. But it would be silly for you to hand in your suit now, because we need you badly. I just learned from Doctor Greenfield that Steve will be able to start, but if he gets a hard blow on his knee, he will be finished for the remainder of the game. So, if he should get hurt and you quit, whom would I use?"

"Why not Max Green?" suggested Jimmy.

"Max is a good player, but he hasn't had enough experience. If the team got into a tight place, he might pull the wrong play and lose the game. Now if I had you in there, you are cool in a pinch and would know what play to use.

"You know Jimmy, you've been a great help to me the past three years, even though you haven't been a hero in the eyes of the football public. I know you've been an understudy to Steve, but without you acting as the other team's main threat in practice scrimmage, I don't think we would have had such good teams in the past three years. I think I should have tried you in some other position, because, son, you can really carry the mail when the time comes. If you still want to check in, it's all right, but you will be helping me, the school, and yourself as well if you will stick."

"O. K., Coach; if you put it that way, I'll stick."

"That's the way to talk, Jimmy. Be at the station at nine-thirty to catch the train."

"All right, Coach, and thanks for what you've told me."

The day of the game dawned cold with low-hanging clouds which indicated that it might rain before game time.

Coach Wallace had given the team a last minute pep talk in the locker room and sent his charges on the field when he grabbed Steve's arm and told him to remain there a moment.

After the last player had closed the door, Coach Wallace said, "Steve, you know what to do. There is one more thing, Steve; don't take any chances with that bad knee of yours, as we will need you every minute of the game."

"Don't worry, Coach; if I get injured you will still have the All-American flop, Jimmy Wilson," sneered Steve. With that he followed his teammates on the field to warm up.

The first half ended with Washington University leading 13 to 0. Steve was hurt late in the second quarter when he slipped and wrenched his knee, and had to leave the game.

During the intermission at half time in the locker room, Coach Wallace called Jimmy into a corner and said, "Jimmy, we need this game, and we want Steve to be chosen on the All-American team. I see but one way to do all of this. Will you take a chance?"

"What is it, Coach?"

"Steve will be unable to return to the game. It has started to rain and it is misty on the field now, which will make it almost impossible to distinguish the players." He stopped there a moment as if he hated to go on. "What I want you to do is to put on Steve's jersey and pretend to be him. You can act as a decoy to draw Washington U's attention from the rest of the team. Will you do it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy was fighting with himself to hold the tears back. His big chance had come at last, and he couldn't be himself while doing it. "Yes," he said in a strange voice.

Thunderous applause arose from the fans in the stadium as they saw number 63, whom they believed to be Steve Rogers.

Neither team scored during the third quarter, and when the fourth quarter opened Washington U. was in possession of the ball. They were confident of victory and decided to take a chance on throwing a pass with the slippery ball. As they came out of their huddle, they figured that no one would guess the play. However, Jimmy Wilson saw the ends spread out a little and had diagnosed the play. As the ball began to drop towards the outstretched hands of the end, Jimmy leaped into the air, grabbed the ball, and started for the goal of Washington University. The people in the stadium were on their feet yelling and pounding each other on the back.

The radio announcer's speech went like this: "It was one of Weeler's secondary men who intercepted that pass and ran for the side lines. Just a minute folks, and I'll get his name. It's Steve Rogers. Yes, that's

who it is, and his bad knee doesn't seem to be bothering him now. He has just evaded two tacklers and straight-armed another. He is now crossing the twenty, the fifteen, the ten, the five, where he is hit hard by Kessler, right end for W. U. But wait a minute, folks. I think the referee ruled it a touchdown! He did!

"Rogers just converted the extra point with a drop kick. This old game isn't over yet, folks. Wheeler College is on the short end of a 13 to 7 score, but they have made a wonderful comeback this last half, and anything can happen with Steve Rogers in the game.

"Wait a minute fans; Steve Rogers was hurt on that last play. He is limping up the field. A substitute is coming on the field for him, but he is waving him back. What a man! You can't keep that boy down. That last run of his probably sewed up his place on the All-American team."

Wheeler College kicked off to their opponents with barely five minutes left to play. Jimmy's voice could be heard above the roar of the people in the stands. "Come on, fellows, get that ball! Hit them hard, and make them fumble." And they did just that. Three plays later Steve O'Brien, the big left tackle, hit W. U.'s ball carrier so hard that the ball bounded some thirty-odd feet down the field, where it was pounced on by two of Wheeler's men.

This seemed to give Jimmy and his teammates new fight, for on the first play they reeled off a gain of fifteen yards, which put the ball on Washington University's thirty-yard line. On the next play Jimmy tried a fake spinner for no gain. He glanced at the clock; less than two minutes left to play. Jimmy called time out. When all his teammates had gathered around him, he said, "Boys, we have but one chance. Here is my plan. O'Brien, you open me up a hole and I will go through on a delayed line buck and flip you a lateral. They won't be expecting this. Then I will circle around you and you throw it back to me. Ted, you pull out and run interference for me. Johnny, you circle around me and if the going gets tough I will flip you the ball."

"But," began Johnny, "will your leg stand up under the strain?"

"My leg isn't hurt," said Jimmy laughingly. "I only faked it for a time like this."

At that instant the whistle blew for time in.

"Signals!" barked Jimmy through cupped hands. "O. K., fellows, you know what to do. Let's go, team."

The radio announcer's speech sounded like this: "Here we go again,

ladies and gentlemen. Time has been called in, and we have about time for one more play in this thrilling ball game.

"There is Weeler College coming out of their huddle. The ball is snapped back to Steve Rogers who goes through left tackle on a delayed line buck. But wait! What's this? Steve laterals the ball to O'Brien, the tackle, who flips it back to Steve. He is running down the middle of the field, and there is Ted Williams forming interference in front of him. There are two players left between Rogers and victory. Williams takes out one of them and only the safety man is left.

"There is one of Steve's teammates running about ten yards behind and on the side of him.

"Steve is pulling one of the oldest tricks in the history of football. His leg wasn't hurt. He was just faking that knee injury. Boy! Look at him run, but the Washington U's safety man is closing in on him. He hits Steve, and both go down. Well, there goes your ball game. No! Wait! At the last second he threw the ball to Johnny Connor, who went over standing up. Listen to that crowd yell!

"Steve was hurt on that last tackle and is being carried off the grid-iron unconscious, but what a hand he is getting!"

In the locker room when Jimmy came to, he saw a circle of grinning faces about him. "Did we win?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Coach Wallace quietly. "Ted kicked the extra point to give us a 14 to 13 victory."

Steve Rogers came over to him and said, "Jimmy, I want to apologize for all those nasty things I've said and done. You deserve the credit for the victory."

"That's O. K., Steve. I guess I wasn't cut out to be a hero after all," responded Jimmy.

After that conversation, Coach Wallace came over to Jimmy and said, "Jimmy, I want to thank you for what you did out there today. It was the most unselfish act I've ever seen. The truth will come out one of these days, but let it go for the time being. Will you, Jimmy?"

"Yes," said Jimmy in a far-away voice.

Sunset

A wondrous beauty fills the western sky;
The heavens blaze in tints of every hue.
Deep greens, pale rose, and shades of misty blue.
The weary sun sinks slowly; day must die.
The fleecy clouds in glory seem to try
To guard against the night as if they knew
How they could keep out darkness and the dew.
Their efforts unrewarded, now they sigh.

Who knows where'r He sends the mighty sun,
To what strange port or place a while to stay,
To lie in wait until he gives His say,
And sends it back again to make its run.
We cannot know of things thus in His care,
Which come for earthly mortals each to share.

Enchanted

Tonight I want to laugh and play,
To sing—and dance the hours away;
Tonight my mood demands, you see,
A bit of—well, frivolity.
I want these hours to all be gay,
And to spend them in some happy way.

You need not feel a cause for sorrow,
I'll be my somber self tomorrow.
It's only for a while I'm sure,
That I will have this certain lure.
Tomorrow when I wake I know
This breezy mood is sure to go.

But for a little while I feel
That from life's joyous store I'll steal
A bit of gay romance and play
To keep me singing all the day.
Perhaps I will then be content,
When all my store of joy is spent.

Discovery

I found a little street today;
'Twas tucked away from all the rest,
With houses old and not so gay,
But just the kind I like the best.

The stately oaks with limbs outspread,
The ash and willows friendly too,
Tossed up their heads so unafraid,
And challenged me to make them blue.

As if to make my dream complete,
A rollicking robin in rusty vest,
In joy and gladness sang so sweet
It seemed he would burst his lovely breast.

I hope to find that way again
When cares beset my weary mind,
To hear the robin's joyous refrain;
It's there that cares are left behind.

God on the Sea

By Bill Plummer



One time or another everyone takes a trip whether it is to the country, mountains, big city, or to the seashore. For the last two years, during the summer vacations, I have been very fortunate, for I have gone to sea for two months.

I shipped as an ordinary seaman both years. Last year I signed the articles of the "Jean," a large freight steamer that has been all over the world many times. Having seen so many years of active service, she was nearly a fish, being out of water only a few months each year while in dry-dock.

When most people decide to take an ocean voyage, they engage passage on a floating palace or luxury liner. Those people do not have half as much pleasure from their trip as I did mine. Every possible want is provided for them, while I worked sometimes sixteen hours a day. They do not have the same personal relation with the sea as I, for they are too busy dancing or playing games to notice what the sea really is like.

No one could possibly comprehend the emotional feelings one has at times on these old freighters unless he has worked on one—at night, especially, when you are standing your trick at the wheel or on lookout, for then you are isolated from the rest of the ship. One's mind, while standing in the bow of the ship, gazing over the dark, turbulent swells, is filled with every imaginable thought. There is no more perfect place on earth—or beyond that—to hold communion with God, to plan one's future, or to regret former misdeeds than on lookout during the dark hours before dawn in mid-ocean.

Standing alone swathed in darkness and occasional blotches of phosphorescent seaweed floating by, you marvel at the greatness of God, who has created such magnificence. Quite often you hear some loud slaps from the water under the bow. If you are used to the sea you will at once recognize them to be porpoise gamboling in the surf created by the swells breaking against the fast-moving bow.

The porpoise is one of the lords of the sea, and looking down upon them you envy his unchallenged freedom of the ocean. He is hunted by nothing and is a friend to man.

Poets and authors describe the sights made by God and man. There is one sight that only the Almighty Himself could create, that no poet

could describe or artist reproduce in oils and pay it all the honor it deserves. That sight is the sunset off the coast of Florida, when the sun has just disappeared below the horizon, in that last short instant of daylight before darkness descends over all. Never before have I witnessed such a panorama of colors, nor will I ever again. The water looks as if all the soft-glowing lights of Heaven have clashed with the hard, brazen, gaudy lights of Hades at that particular spot. First the clear blue surface of the water is streaked with the last rays from the sun, then gradually softening until the water has no color at all. All is quiet before this majestic display; even the wind forgets to blow, fearing to mar the grandeur with the restlessness of the sea.

Every evening I would stand on deck and gaze at the mighty drama going on before me. It was the changing of the gods, the god of light retreating before the god of darkness, but giving one last glimpse to his beautiful creations. When night suddenly closes in, it seems to bring peace to a troubled heart and rest to a bewildered mind. Night time at sea, where God Himself finds rest.



Night's Tulip

By Aggie Mann

The moon is a golden tulip
Which stands alone in the garden of night.
In the midst of thousands of daisies
It blooms.
Queen of the garden, the moon
Sheds its golden beams upon all
Till at last, drooping with
The coming of the sun,
It fades away—
Only to bloom again with the night.

To Nature's Bad Boys

Oh sea, why don't you cease your endless toil
And rest awhile beneath the pleasant sun?
Why must you rumble like a troubled mind
And show your horrid temper to the world?
You roar and roll, oh sea; why don't you stop?

Oh wind, why must you howl around my door
And pierce my peaceful dreams with chilling groans?
Why can't you be a calm and cooling breeze
That gently stirs the leaves to make them dance?
Instead of moaning, wind, why not be still?

Oh winter, must you be so very cold?
Must you sting, and bite, and torture human things?
Must you rob the lovely trees of all their wealth,
And keep the world indoors; oh, must you freeze
The lovely lakes? Why not be kind and warm?

Oh rolling sea, and howling wind, and cold—
Must you spread endless terror in your wake
And cause each living thing to hate and fear
Your strength and power; or must you be ever like
Bad-tempered boys, boasting of your might?

Hoof-Beats

Hoof-beats falling along the path
Like the sound of a distant drum;
Over the hills and thru the woods
The horse and his rider come.

The horse digs his hoofs deep into the turf
And gallops faster and faster,
Obeying the slightest signal from
The spurs of his mounted master.

Slowing up as he hurdles a hedge,
Then running with all his might;
A streak of brown, a rush of wind,
And the two are out of sight.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

—drawn by William Hoy

Historical Buildings of Richmond

By Mary Louise Giles

Illustrated by Julian Rooks and Hazel Hamner

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH



AS I neared old Saint John's Episcopal Church, at Twenty-fourth and Broad Streets, I noticed the high, ivy-topped brick wall surrounding its graveyard and the typical old horse block standing near. I ascended the steps leading to the yard, and as I walked up the pathway and heard the wind-tossed leaves rustle beneath my feet, my wandering gaze was arrested by a brief glimpse of a golden cross, staunch and strong, glistening in the bright sunlight against a sea of clear blue sky and billowy clouds. On entering the church I was at once fascinated by its age and dimness. I recalled its past.

The plans of the original Saint John's Church, now the oldest in Richmond, were first laid about 197 years ago. The Second Virginia Convention met in this church, because it was the largest hall in Richmond, in March, 1775, and even at that the original was not half the size of the enlarged present-day structure. Saint John's can rightly be called the "cradle of the Revolution," for here the indirect cause of the Revolution took place; it will ever be famous as the place where Patrick Henry's eloquence swept the crowd as he uttered his ringing challenge for "liberty or death" in the presence of men whose names have become by-words in American history.

I noted with interest the details of the interior of the old Church and wandered freely here and there among its famous tombstones. As I retraced my steps away from Saint John's Church, I turned, reluctant to part from its quaintness, and once again rested my eyes upon the quiet place of worship that had played such an important part in the making of that never-ending book, "America's History."



THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM

As I arrived at Twelfth and Clay streets I came upon the "Confederate Museum," a large, prominent building set close to the street. An odd fact about this four-story, originally two-story, structure is that the large porch, where Grecian columns are prominent, is on the rear, confusing many as to just which way the house faces. This is explained by the fact that in the days when this home was built people had porches

made to face the sun, so that they might spend their idle hours enjoying its rays. The sight of a "misplaced" porch was not an uncommon one then.

After learning the history of the building, I knew its past to be an interesting one. In 1818 the house which now serves as the Confederate Museum was built by Dr. John Brockenbrough and used as a private residence until 1861, when Mr. Lewis Crenshaw, the owner, sold it to the city of Richmond for the use of the Confederate Government.

The city, having furnished it, offered it to President Davis, but he refused to accept the gift. The Confederate Government then rented it for the "Executive Mansion" of the Confederate States. It was called the "White House of the Confederacy" while occupied by President Davis.

President Jefferson Davis moved in with his family at the end of July, 1861, using the house in both a private and an official capacity. The present "Mississippi" room was his study, where generals came to confer, the couriers bearing news of the various battles. Many Cabinet meetings were held here, too.

In this house, amid the cares of State, joy and sorrow visited him: "Winnie," the cherished daughter, was born here, and here "little Joe" died after a fall from the east porch. It remained Mr. Davis' home until the evacuation of the city of Richmond. He left with the Government officials on the night of April 2, 1865.



On the morning of the third, General Weitzel, in command of the Federal troops, upon entering the city, made this house his headquarters. It was thus occupied by the United States Government during the five years Virginia was under military rule.

In the present "Georgia" room a day or two after evacuation, Mr. Lincoln was received, but was in the city only a few hours. Thus we see the building knew the presence of both the President of the Confederacy and the President of the United States, a rare occurrence in the existence of any building.

When at last the military equipment was removed and the house vacated, the city at once took possession, using it as a public school for more than twenty years.

War had left its imprint on the building, and the constant tread of little feet did almost as much damage. It was with distress that our people (particularly the women) saw the "White House of the Confederacy" put to such uses and rapidly falling into decay.

In about 1892 it was turned over to the "Confederate Memorial Liter-

ary Society," which made a heart-felt plea for funds throughout the South. It was amazing to see the widespread enthusiasm aroused by the plea. Donations of every kind poured in. With the sum realized, the entire building was now made fire-proof, and every other possible precaution taken for its safety. Rapidly the house began to fill with relics. Nothing has been bought in the whole Museum except the "Conrad Wise Chapman Pictures" and the "William L. Sheppard Pictures."

I left the Confederate Museum feeling that I had gained invaluable knowledge of the old, old home that had known the presence of some of our country's most distinguished leaders and whose wise walls were familiar with the sight of important matters, and whose mirrors, dimmed with age, had witnessed scenes of joy and sorrow, love and hate, idleness and industry.

THE WICKHAM RESIDENCE

The Wickham Residence, situated at Eleventh and Clay streets, and adjoining the Valentine Museum, was built in 1812 by the American architect, Robert Mills, for John Wickham, leading attorney for the defense in the trial of Aaron Burr. Mr. Wickham is spoken of in the social great wit, a great host,



Handsome houses where in this vicinity, known as the "court of that gay and witty

of the brilliant lawyers of Richmond of the early Nineteenth Century, which amazed and delighted the Irish poet, Tom Moore, on a visit to the city in 1803.

were being erected every- which therefore became end" of town, the center "court circle" made up

The Wickham Residence has been restored and preserved by the Valentine family as an example of an old Richmond home and garden. The style and decoration of the house is late Georgian, and its furnishings, including old costumes, china, household crafts, and fine portraits on exhibition, illustrate the late Georgian and the early Victorian periods. The spiral staircase, beautifully decorated and in the shape of an artist's palette, and the handsome mantel are among the most outstanding features of the interior.

The most impressive room in the Wickham Residence is probably the drawing room. Furnished in rosewood, mahogany and other fine woods, lace curtains, fine carpets, and beautiful mirrors, it is typically Victorian. The furniture is elaborate and "stiff," but very lovely.

At the rear of the house there is a garden, enclosed by a brick wall. It is not at all the modern conception of a beautiful garden, but very simple and dignified with statues placed about the lawn and boxwood lining the walks, conforming with all the gardens of the Civil War period.

In 1930 everything was removed from the Wickham-Valentine Home that it might not have contained when it was a dwelling house of the early Nineteenth Century. Since that year the furnishing of the house has been carried forward. The gentility of the past and the generosity of present-day Virginians are combining to create for the future a beautiful example of the domestic life of Nineteenth Century Virginia in this old residence.

BATTLE ABBEY

In Battle Abbey, located at Kensington Avenue and the Boulevard, is actually the Confederate Memorial Institute and was established to supplement the Confederate Museum. A very fine war memorial, the Battle Abbey is a most interesting subject to artists as well as to others, housing a large collection of portraits of Confederate officers.

Thomas F. Ryan donated \$25,000 to be used in the decorating of the Battle Abbey, and so Charles Hoffbauer, French artist, was engaged to paint the very beautiful series of mural paintings depicting the struggle of the Confederacy. The artist, a patient, earnest man, had done much of his preliminary work when he was called back to fight for France in 1914. When he returned to Richmond after the war, Hoffbauer painted out all he had previously done and painted war as only one who had been through it could.



These four paintings that decorate the inner walls of this splendid modernistic building almost cover the walls of the room. Three of them portray the three arms of service: infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

On the left of the huge room, as one enters, is the painting done in the mood of spring, representing the infantry of the Confederate army. Jackson is prominent in this picture. It is a wonderful portrayal of anxiety and vigor—the feverish desire for fight.

At the south end of the room is a most beautiful arrangement of the high commanders of the Confederate army, signifying summer. The central figure here is General Lee, a majestic figure astride Traveler. Painted in front of the seemingly fatigued army of ragged men are other important officers.

Perhaps the most colorful scene is opposite the infantry portrait, a painting of the cavalry. The season here is autumn, vivid with bright colors on all sides. The Federals are charging atop a hill, sabers drawn, grim-lipped, urged onward by the lustily shouted orders of a Federal commander, who waves a befeathered hat. A young man brandishing an old Confederate pistol, still in existence, is imminent in the mural.

The most appealing painting, in all probability, is the one of the artillery in action, depicting a winter scene. Snow covers the ground and the feeling of icy stillness is conveyed. Injured soldiers, dead horses, and a faithful comrade endeavoring to help his wounded companion beside a cannon are the most prominent objects here. Although the painting is broken by a large doorway leading into the room, the effect is carried to the other panel as if the door had not interfered. Incidentally, one man who had visited Battle Abbey frequently and was under the impression he was familiar with the room, declared he had never realized the presence of the door and had to see a photograph to prove the fact to himself, so cleverly had Hoffbaur contrived to hold the man's attention to the contents of the picture itself.

Four small panels accompany these masterpieces. Also, in the right wing of the building sketches of paintings done by Hoffbauer and his models for statues and panels for painting are very interesting.

In the rear lawn is a "green garden," beautified always by freshly cut grass, carefully clipped boxwood, and giant magnolia trees. The effect achieved with these simple elements is rather unusual.

A visit to the Battle Abbey will prove historically informative as well as intellectually elevating and extremely interesting.

THE STATE CAPITOL

The central part of the capitol was designed after the Maison Carree at Nimes by Thomas Jefferson while minister to France from the United States. The original part was commenced in 1785 and finished in about 1792. The wings were added in 1905, to give the legislators much-needed space. The building was re-occupied in January, 1906.

Portraits of the Governors of Virginia, group portraits of members of various sessions of the General Assembly, and other paintings and pictures are hung on many of the walls.



Occupying the center of the rotunda in the central part is the most celebrated work of the great French sculptor, Houdon—the life-size statue

of George Washington, the only one posed during life which is in existence today. It was placed here in 1788. Here also is a head of Lafayette by Houdon. Virginia has recently made this rotunda her Hall of Presidents by placing in the surrounding niches busts of her eight native sons who became chief executives of the United States.

Opening off the rotunda is the old hall of the House of Delegates, the scene of many notable assemblies and events, which has been restored to its former appearance and which contains statues and busts of other great native of Virginia. In it was held the celebrated trial of Aaron Burr for treason before Chief Justice John Marshall in 1807. In this room where his statue now stands, Robert E. Lee, on April 23, 1861, accepted the command of the armed forces of Virginia from the convention which had also passed the Ordinance of Secession. In this hall, on April 27, 1870, occurred a great tragedy, usually referred to as the "Capitol Disaster," when the balcony gave way because too large a crowd of people had packed every inch to hear a trial of deep local interest. Sixty-two were killed and two hundred and fifty-one injured. The hall has since been restored to its original appearance. Here met the Confederate House of Representatives from 1861-65. The present Virginia Senate and House of Delegates meet in modern chambers in the two wings.

The capitol of Virginia is the oldest legislative building in America.



GOVERNOR'S MANSION

Swinging around the capitol, one approaches the Federal-style Governor's Mansion, erected in 1811-13. From 1788 to 1811 the governors of Virginia lived in a two-story wooden structure, ironically called "the Palace," located on the same site as the present building.

POE SHRINE

The Edgar Allan Poe Shrine, housed in the oldest building in Richmond, was erected in about 1685 or 1686. It is located at 1916 East Main Street.

On the front wall may be seen the letters "J. R.", supposed to signify "Jacobus Rex," James II, who was then King of England. The building is now a part of the Edgar Allan Poe Foundation, which includes also

the small buildings on the left and right of it, in the three of which are housed much Poe material, including many articles and manuscripts of the famed author and relics closely related to his life in Richmond. Poe did not live in this house, but nearby.

The house was a gift, in 1912, to the Association for Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Inside, there is a plaster-of-paris model of old Richmond in the time of Poe's residence there.



Upstairs, in an adjoining building, is a series of paintings, by James Carding, a young English artist, illustrating Poe's "The Raven." This work was done in 1879. In their entirety, they have never been painted or published, and, never before this, displayed. Also there are several of Poe's letters, a trunk, and a cane used by him. On exhibit are a pair of candlesticks belonging to the well-known author, used during the composing of "The Bells." There are numerous other objects of interest on display, including the stair railing leading from the first to the upper story, which was taken from the first house in which Poe lived with the Allans, who adopted him at an early age, and on the second floor a mantel from the Allan home. These articles are attractive because they were known and used by Poe himself.

In the rear is an "enchanted garden" which leads to a classical loggia, built chiefly of material from the former Southern Literary Messenger Building.

This old, old structure and its contents are well worth a visit, since it is one of the several spots in Richmond that bear the magic imprint of the great poet, Edgar Allan Poe.

LEE'S HEADQUARTERS

The headquarters of Lee, now the home of the Virginia Historical Society, was built in 1844 by Norman Stuart in the suburbs of Richmond and given to the Society by Mrs. John Stuart and her daughters in 1897. It is situated at 707 East Franklin Street.



This upright house, typical of many built by the wealthier Richmonders in the early nineteenth century, was occupied by General Robert E. Lee as a home for himself when he could be in Richmond and for his family during the latter years of the War between the States, and occupied by other officers in 1861-1864.

The present Society has built a fireproof structure in the rear for the priceless collection of papers and Virginia portraiture, manuscripts and other objects of interest which merit a visit.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH

Situated at Ninth and Grace is St. Paul's Episcopal Church, located spiritually, as well as geographically, in the heart of the city. General Robert E. Lee worshipped here, in pew number 111, whenever he was in Richmond during the War between the States, as did President Jefferson Davis regularly. Davis was confirmed here, and also from this church his funeral was conducted.



Up an aisle in this church on Sunday, April 2, 1865, strode a messenger to President Davis' pew, number 63. Davis quietly left the church. The messenger had told him that Petersburg had fallen, that Richmond must be evacuated. The church is filled with memorials of many kinds, two windows being dedicated to Jefferson Davis, and two to Robert E. Lee. There is also a tablet to the memory of

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and children.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church is referred to by some as "The Westminster of Richmond."

JOHN MARSHALL HOUSE

This handsome residence, severely simple on the exterior, boasts a classic dignity inside which proves that John Marshall, as well as his politically different cousin, Thomas Jefferson, could design homes. The eminent jurist himself designed this home, which dates from about 1790, and made his home here until 1835. The house is now the property of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, the first of such societies in America. It is furnished with some of Marshall's original furniture. One may see here the robes which Marshall wore as Chief Justice of the United States.



A Song

By Helen Barney

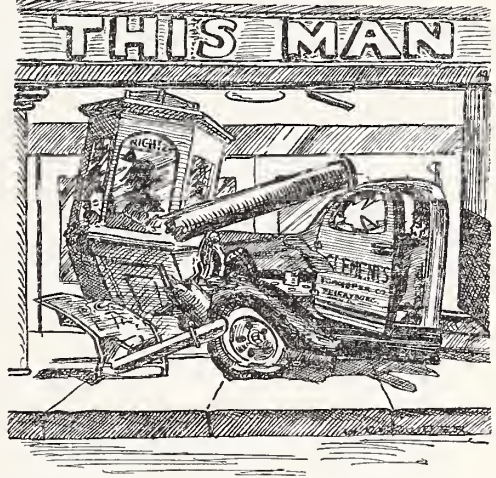
A song
Is like a rainbow
Which brightens and beautifies
A dreary world which blindly seeks
Peace.

Coincidental

By Joel Andrews

Illustrated by William Crowder

JOHN "SLICK" AVRIL, professional crook extraordinary, was an enthusiastic believer in fate. He called it coincidence. Every thug and petty thief in Brooklyn respected his almost superstitious idolizing of chance, for he used it for his own benefit and this usually meant a heavy loss to his victims. He often boasted to his colleagues in crime of his ability to take advantage of each little trick of coincidence when planning a "job"—so he called it, though he had never done a stroke of work in his life. Even against terrific odds, he had always won.



As usually happens in the life of a gentleman of Avril's demeanor, he finally concocted a crime which he thought was foolproof, infallible—the perfect crime! It was the product of years of criminal existence. As soon as he had conceived it, he made plans toward putting it into action—taking into consideration the coincidence involved, of course.

* * * *

An observant person passing by the Rolfe Theatre might have noticed across the street from that great showhouse a shabbily-dressed man carrying a small suitcase. But even the most scrutinous could not have recognized under the man's false mustache and dark spectacles the adroitly concealed countenance of "Slick" Avril. He was nervously pacing up and down the crowded sidewalk. Presently he crossed the street and went into the theatre.

Two hours later, when "Slick" emerged, the evening crowds were entering the show. After the last person had gone in, he walked two blocks up the street, turned, and slowly retraced his steps. About a block from the theatre he found what he wanted—a huge, ponderous truck parked at

the curb. Avril turned up his collar and stepped into the truck. Before the driver could turn, a gun-butt descended heavily upon his head. Avril pushed the limp form to the floor and slid into his place. The big truck roared into action.

About fifty yards from the theatre, the motor was going full blast. Avril swerved the truck directly toward the ticket window. With a terrific impact, it struck the booth. Nearby, persons screamed and fled. With one swift movement, Avril pulled the groggy driver to the seat, leaped out of the truck, grabbed the bulging cash drawer, thrust it into the ready suitcase, and merged into the surging crowd of curious onlookers and police. He caught a final glimpse of a burly detective handcuffing the protesting truck driver.

In less than an hour Avril was back in his boarding-house room. With the door securely locked, he began gloatingly to count the loot, mostly in dollar bills.

"Whew, over a thousand!" thought Avril. "Boy, the fates were with me that time. It was a good thing I found a truck with a driver in it."

He reached for his bill-fold, which he invariably carried in his left hip-pocket.

"It's gone!" he gasped. "I must have dropped it in the truck!"

He wiped the cold beads of sweat from his brow. The fold contained his identification card and he knew that any dumb cop would be certain to notice such a common clue. Frantically he began stuffing bills into his pockets. What was that? Avril cautiously looked out of his window. He could see a blue uniform and shining badge under the porch light. The front door opened and the figure disappeared. Avril heard footsteps ascending the stairs. There came an imperative knock at his door.

"You won't take me!" shouted Avril hoarsely. He grabbed a gun from his bureau drawer and shot wildly through the flimsy door. Dropping the gun, he bounded out of the window, still cramming money into his pockets.

The shots had aroused the whole neighborhood. A siren screamed eerily. People scurried along the street. Avril gave up all caution and began running wildly. A burly figure loomed in his path. He struck out, but was no match for the arm of the law.

When Avril came to, he found himself seated in the local police headquarters.

"Well, I give up," he wheezed; "I admit robbing the theater and shooting the policeman."

The chief of police smiled gravely, then grinned broadly, and finally broke out into a roar of laughter.

"Hey, Joe! Ask the other fellow to step in," he yelled.

The man who entered was clad in a police uniform which looked too small for him.

"This is the man you shot at," said the chief; then addressing the newcomer, "Let's hear your story again, please."

"Well, I was on my way to a masquerade ball dressed in this rented costume. In front of this fellow's rooming-house I found a bill-fold lying on the sidewalk. Inside was the name 'John Avril' and the address of the house, so I decided to return it to him. But what does he do when I knock on his door but try his best to shoot me. That's a fine way to act. Oh, well, I'll let bygones be bygones. Say, fellow, I guess it was a coincidence, me finding your wallet like that, and all, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," said Avril.



A Thing of the Past

By Julian Gresham

The mighty tree stood high and bare
Beside the water's brim;
A sentinel standing at his post
Was each and every limb.

And this old tree did not attract
The eyes of everyone
Because its beauty showed no more
As always it had done.

But now 'tis gone and in my mind
It always shall remain,
And bring back pleasant memories
I would not want to wane.

My Pet Aversion

By Natalie Lavenstein



ALCULATIONS in chemistry cleave my conscience; formulas, factors and physics frustrate the pattern of my life. Discussions on the "modern theories of the structure of matter" leave me cold and shudders wrench my spine when someone tries to "stimulate my curiosity concerning the nature of the common things in my environment."

In the first place, I frankly have no interest in common "things," and furthermore, I don't believe I would ever ask at home for the sodium chloride when I could more easily say, "Please pass the salt." Chemistry may be the fundamental of life itself, the very breath to others, but to poor little unsophisticated me it's the preface to nothing!

My chemistry book tells me that my course includes only the facts, laws and theories that a well-informed person of today needs to know. Perhaps that's my trouble; maybe I don't understand what it means to be well-informed. My English instructors see to it that I read the correct literature. The radio supplies me with good music, the museums with art, and I force myself to read political news in the paper—I thought those could keep me well-informed—but, Mr. Black and Mr. Conant of "New Practical Chemistry" have shown me the error of my ways.

From these learned gentlemen I find that "the ingenious electron diagrams of the atom are now so much in vogue." How surprising is this news to me! Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Maggy Rauff and Patau report that skirts are shorter and waistlines higher; Helena Rubenstein suggests a darker shade of powder and lipstick for fall use. In none of the fashion columns nor in the vogue magazines have I found a word about the popularity of "the electron diagram of the atom."

I scan the table of contents in my books in search of some phase of chemistry that I can put to practical use. Eagerly, I sieze upon "Molecular and Atomic Weights." I read each word carefully and I try to understand Dulong and Petit's Law on the weight of a solid element. I stumble over the pronunciation of "isatopes," but struggle on. Alas, nowhere do I find any helpful advice on how to lose weight. And chemistry is a supposedly practical subject.

I bow to the superior wisdom of Mr. Black and Mr. Conant. I dare say there is much to be gained by the knowledge of nitrogen and atmos-

pheric gases, oxides of sulphur, ions and electrons, non-ferrous metals and transmutation of elements. But, alas, they are beyond me—they are my pet aversions. I shall probably never be able to lay claim to being well-informed.



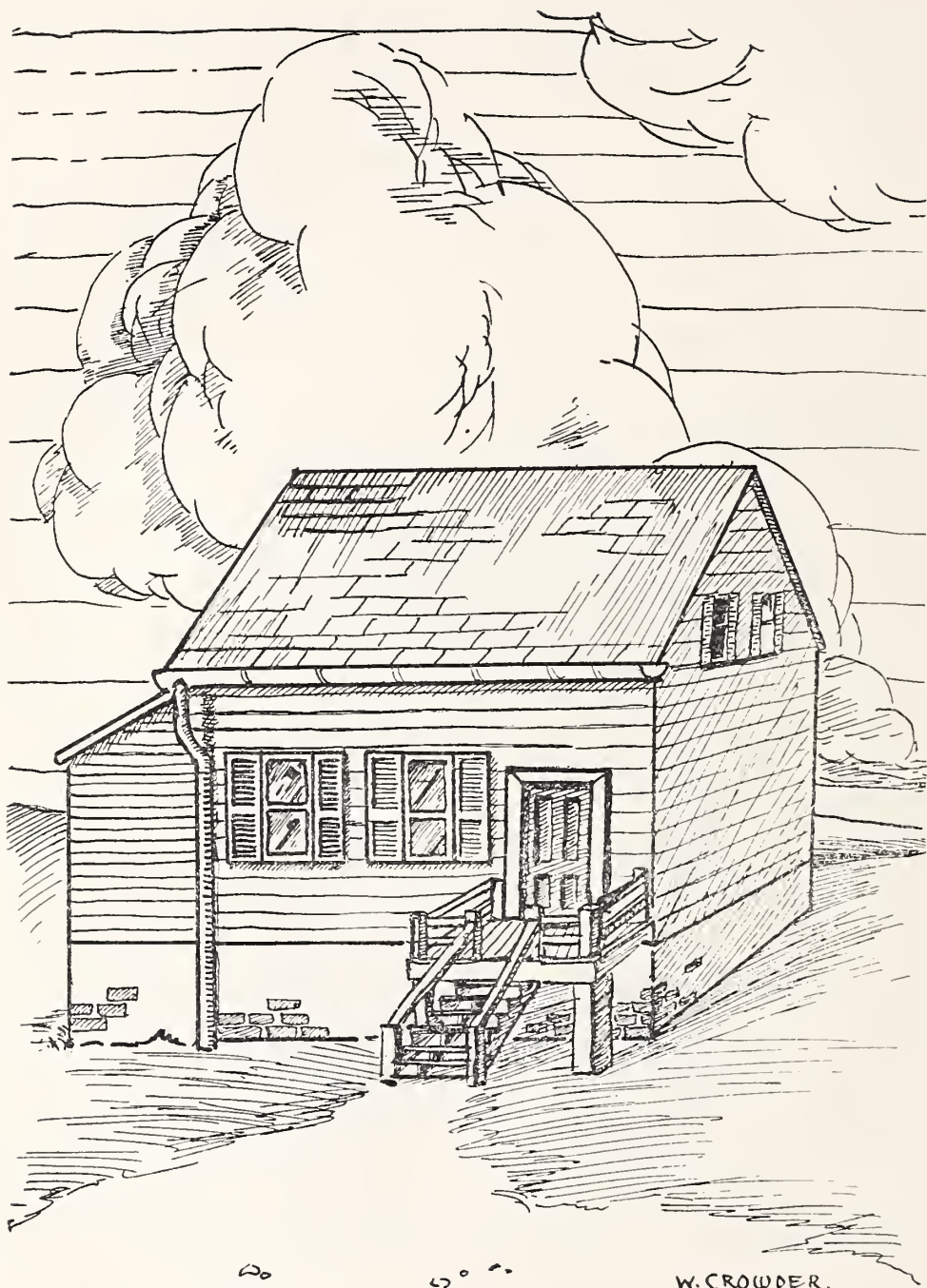
Night Sounds

By Frances Talley

As I sit alone by the crackling fire,
I hear many sounds that fill me with fright.
The howling, prowling wind now blows,
And seems to whistle with delight,
As it comes around the corner and pounds
Upon the door with all its might.

Now comes the cry of a lonesome dog
That drifts along across the moon,
And seems to die away in the distance.
Then another gust of wind with a roar
Bangs and battles with everything near,
And next I hear the bang of a door.

And such are the sounds that fill me with fear
And make me shudder with terrified fright.
I try to read, but all in vain—
My mind will never know the right;
There is just one thing to think about—
That's to wish for the morning light.



THE WATT HOUSE

—drawn by William Crowder

The Battlefields of Richmond

Introduction by Joel Andrews



URING the great War Between the States, the city of Richmond became the capital of the Confederacy for almost five years—five long, weary years. During that time it was the center and hope of the South. From it went invading armies to the North, and against it marched wave after wave of Federal troops. It was almost a battle between the two opposing capitals, Richmond and Washington. The story of this bloody struggle is as interesting as it is tragic.

The battlefields encompassing Richmond were the scene of numerous skirmishes between the two armies, and from there one may learn innumerable facts concerning the battles. To furnish the opportunity of tracing these details, the Battlefield Parks Corporation of Richmond, with the help of C. C. C. workers, has bought large tracts of land around the city on which the battles took place, cleared them of trees and underbrush and established guide stations for the benefit of the public. Now everyone can view these old historical battlefields with the greatest of leisure. But a battlefield is something more than just a series of entrenchments and spacious fields. It serves as a lasting record of all those who gave up their lives upon it. It affords a graphic account of many movements of the battle, and from them historians are able to reconstruct much of the battles themselves.

Richmond battlefields may be divided into two groups: (1) Those upon which the battles of 1862 were fought; this group includes the Seven Days' Battle, lasting from June 26 to July 2, 1862, when the Federals were driven back from Mechanicsville to Harrison's Landing; (2) The Federal onslaught against Richmond in 1864 which was halted near Fort Darling after the enemy had captured Fort Harrison. In reviewing the battlefields it is well to keep these two campaigns in mind.

THE WATT HOUSE

By Edythe Martinsen

As we traveled along the country highway, I asked, "What is this we are approaching?"

"The old Watt House."

"What house?"

"The Watt House. It was General Fitz John Porter's headquarters during the Civil War."

Off to the side I saw a small two-story early Victorian house. I knew this must be it. The house is unpainted. There are high steps leading into the house in both the front and back. The massive, outside chimney is at one end of the building. The side of the house from which the Confederates approached is riddled with bullet holes. The house is unoccupied at present.

General Fitz John Porter commanded part of the Federal army north of the Chickahominy river.

The battle that marked the first real victory of the Confederacy was fought near the Watt House.

Lee was commanding over five thousand soldiers that day. The Federals were weak. They broke line after General Jackson's men came from the valley campaign. The Confederates expected the Federals to fall back along the north bank of the Chickahominy toward the White House, but instead they fled across the Grapevine Bridge. General Lee, however, was unable to pursue the Federals because his reinforcements were coming in from the opposite direction.

I can just imagine General Lee in his grey uniform, tall and stately, seated on his faithful horse "Traveler" giving orders. He sent Generals "Stonewall" Jackson, A. P. Hill, and Longstreet to follow General Porter of the Chickahominy river.

A stranger passing by, if he should miss the tablet on the road, would never know that this is the famous old Watt House.

FORT HARRISON

By Lottie Brockwell

Battlefields! Oh, how uninteresting the word seemed to me! How disappointed I was when I found that I was one of the poor unfortunate (so we thought) group who were going to take a trip over far-stretching, desolate-looking battlefields, while the other members of the editorial staff went through the city. How sorry I felt for myself! But after visiting the very first fort I began to feel that it wasn't so bad after all, and before long I was really enjoying myself! But let me hasten on with the description of the first fort we visited. So interested was I by the interesting things which I saw and heard here, I asked our editor-in-chief to allow me to write this particular article.

At White Battery, which, incidentally, is about seven miles from Richmond, our adventures really began. At this point there is stationed

a combination museum and guide service station. Coming up the driveway to the museum we saw before us a beautiful, but lonely looking log cabin, nestled in among the pine trees. On the porch were wooden benches which, as we were told, were made by an old darky. These benches and the cabin harmonized together to give a rustic effect that is very pleasing.

On entering the cabin we were greeted by the glowing flames of an open fire, which was certainly very welcome, for the day was windy and cold, but the smell of oil in the air told us that there was a defect in the oil-heating system.

After we had introduced ourselves as members of the editorial staff of the "Missile," and had stated our purpose in coming, the gentleman in charge offered to lead us through the museum while a boy went to bring the historian who was to guide us through Fort Harrison.

We were led into the adjoining room which contained relics of the battles at Fort Harrison and Cold Harbor. The prize item was a balloon valve found several years ago when Gaines' Mill was drained. This, as we were told, was probably the valve of one of the balloons which Professor Lowe, aeronaut of the Federal balloon station, used for observation. A piece of a barge, another of the relics, has a most interesting connotation: in 1862 Colonel England was in charge of McClellan's army at Pamunkey. When it became necessary for him to move, he burned all the supplies that he could not carry with him. A private from New York set fire to the White House, which was formerly the home of Mary Ball. In 1830, it had been destroyed, another house had been built and at the time of the war, it was occupied by Ronny Lee. This piece of barge now in the museum was supposed to have been found near this site.

After inspecting other relics such as canteens, all types of shots and shells, bayonets, a skull found near Fort Gilmer, and an old pair of eyeglasses, we went into the next room, where there was a large relief map of the section of the country around the James river.

We were all standing around the map, listening, when in walked Mr. Taylor (whose first name is not Robert), the historian who was to show us around the fort. He pointed out the various battlefields and forts along the river, and then we all circled around another large map which had been made by a Union officer immediately after the Civil War. We grasped our notebooks, fixed our eyes upon the map, and history began repeating itself, coming from the mouth of Mr. Taylor:

* * * *

The night of September 28 and the morning of the 29th, back in 1864, was a busy time for the Federals. Bridges had to be built across the

James river and all their war paraphernalia and supplies had to be gotten across before four-thirty, in order to make an attack against Fort Harrison, a Confederate stronghold, the one which they believed to be the key to Richmond. They could not afford to bungle this attack, for so much depended upon it. If they could make the attack secretly and draw Lee's attention away from the Valley, they might be able to enter Richmond from the southeast. There was a mistake, however. The right division got separated from the eighteenth corps, leaving the attack up to one division. They were afraid to go forward, but it was too late to go back. But how their fears would have subsided had they known that the poor Confederates had only one hundred men in the fort, while they had from one thousand to fifteen hundred. At eight o'clock in the morning the Federals captured Fort Harrison with very little effort. From Fort Harrison the Federals turned to the right and to the left along the defenses, but their advance was soon halted. The Federals therefore decided to attack Fort Gilmer and the adjacent lines. With negro soldiers in the front lines they pressed repeatedly forward until the negroes refused to make another attack. When they were driven back they left their dead in front.

Being unsuccessful in these efforts, the Federals returned to Fort Harrison and began working on another side to the fort, for they did not think the Confederates would let them occupy the fort without making an attempt to recapture it. Just as they had feared, the Confederates joined at noon, September 30, with General Lee, who had transferred his troops from the south side of the James to make a counter attack. Three attempts were made and a fourth was prevented by General Lee, but because of lack of co-ordination from the left and right flank the position was not taken but was left in the hands of the Union forces, who stayed there until the close of the war.

* * * *

"Come on, Lottie, we're going out and walk around Fort Harrison with Mr. Taylor." My thoughts were so centered on the story and my eyes so fastened on the map that I had failed to notice that the rest of the party were going out in the direction of the battlefields.

This was the part of the trip that I had so strongly disapproved of. I had never seen any point in walking, walking, walking over breastworks that meant nothing to me, unless there was a marker around to give some insight as to what had happened there. But when you are with an historian who really knows the fort and can tell you what each hill and hole once stood for, how interesting it becomes!

The entrance to Fort Harrison is marked by a traverse: a technical name for one of the types of earthworks put up to prevent movements against the fort. This particular one was put up after the Union forces took control. All around can be seen exhibitions of the great labor that went into the preparation of the earthworks.

One of the most interesting things about the fort is the "listening wells." These were put up on the outside line, for there was a rumor going around that the Confederates were going to blow up the fort. This fear was probably increased by the news of the explosion at the Battle of the Crater. The Federals, then in charge of Fort Harrison, stationed men at these wells to listen for any undermining. There was none, but you may be sure the Federals weren't disappointed.

At Fort Harrison we saw all types of gun positions that were used in the Civil War. The most common is an embrasure. Think of two hills with a slight dip between them, and you have before you an embrasure. In this position, the muzzle of the gun is placed in the depression between the two mounds of earth. Heavy timber piled up on two sides into a porch effect is termed a "splinter-proof." The one that gives the gun the longest range is the "Barbette." In this type of defense, the gun can be swung into position at any angle from zero to one hundred and eighty degrees. This is very dangerous, for the men are exposed entirely above the waist. Close by we saw the remains of the safest and probably the most effective type of defense, for by its walls it would protect not only the men firing long-range guns, but also those using muskets. Three of these "casements" had been built and plans were being made for a fourth when Richmond was evacuated. So much for the defensive side of Fort Harrison.

As we wended our way onward through the fort, I often wished our guide wouldn't walk quite so fast. He had an advantage over us girls, for we had to dodge prickly bushes to keep from snagging our hose. The pine needles helped here, for we didn't have to walk down hills. All we had to do was stand on top, let our foot slip and zip! we'd be at the bottom in no time. Speaking of pines reminds me of something. When this fort was used back in Civil War days, there were no trees on it. Today it wears a coat of pine trees on its back. Just think! The largest pine tree here was not here then. How wonderfully the children of Mother Nature multiply!

We, being of that class of people who don't want to miss anything, when we saw, a little to the left of the path, a small enclosure, called our guide's attention to it. On approaching closer, we stood around the railing and looked down into a deep hole, which had been found by C. C. C.

boys when, several years previously, they were clearing the fort of undergrowth. According to the story of an old Confederate, this had been a Confederate well, but before the Union army captured Fort Harrison it had been filled with earth so the Federals couldn't use it. Human nature doesn't change.

After walking a few yards farther we came back to our starting place and our three-hour adventure was ended. The warmth of our car was certainly welcome, for I had gotten, along with a beautiful inspiration, very numb fingers and toes.

As we were driving away, I gave one last look back and my eyes caught sight of Old Glory floating majestically over the fort. Into my mind popped the picture of the Federals hammering and hammering away, while the Confederates stood with their back toward Richmond, fighting with dauntless courage to uphold what they thought was right. The American flag now flies over forty-eight united states, telling them that all is well. May our Union always be preserved!

On to Fort Hoke!

FORTS HOKE AND BRADY

By Anne Frank

Ruefully piling out of the warm car into the cold, windy air, we followed the guide into Fort Hoke. What a pleasant surprise was here! Instead of heaps, mounds and sudden valleys, here one could himself see which were the breastworks, the gun positions and so forth.

The guide was telling us that Fort Hoke was one of the minor Confederate forts used in defense of Richmond during the campaigns of '64 and '65.

As in most of the other forts of the slim, gray lines around Richmond, this one had an open back. It was necessary to fortify only the front and sides of these forts, for Richmond itself was behind their very backs. Can you barely begin to think of the hardships of those worn out, starving, desperate men who fought so valiantly and so perseveringly for their ideals? Thinking of them, we were ashamed of not having wanted to get out of the car into the "cold."

As Fort Hoke was small and well preserved, the National Park Service decided to restore it. In the deep ditch in front of it is a cruel-looking line of sharp-pointed pickets placed at such an angle that it is almost impossible to get over.

Gun casements, embrasures, and barbettes, previously described, we observed here.

When we were there they had not begun to restore the bomb proofs which were very much like the casements. The only difference is that they were in the fort proper and were entirely covered by earth except at the one door. Here the officers stayed and the ammunition was kept.

The guide finished talking and we gazed about again hoping that we should never have to trust our lives or the lives of any of our loved ones to such a small and seemingly defenseless place. It reminded one of a nightmare, in which for the moment, one is hidden behind a mound, knowing that at any second his enemy will come over the top and pounce on him.

Slowly we turned our backs on Fort Hoke and headed almost directly east to the Federal Fort Brady. Here the woods had taken over, making the fort very pretty and enjoyable except for the Spanish needles which abound in the fort. Woe to silk stockings worn by any thoughtless creature!

This fort had been built on the site of an abandoned Confederate fort. It overlooks Dutch Gap and its main purpose during the war was to keep the Southern gunboats from going down the river. From here they watched the attempt of Brigadier-General B. F. Butler to cut through the very narrow neck of land that jutted out into the river. This piece of land made the trip by water about five miles longer, and the Confederate batteries on the other bank made it almost impossible for Federal boats to pass. Therefore Butler decided to cut a canal through the other end of this neck. His men had completed all but about fifty yards of this when he, wishing to speed up the work some, decided to blow up the rest. This he did, much to his sorrow, for all of his other work was ruined.

Although they had not participated in the downfall of Petersburg, these men from Fort Brady were the first Union soldiers to reach Richmond after its evacuation. The mayor met them as they entered and turned the city over to them.

Fort Brady did not stir us as Fort Hoke had. It may be that the lovely trees and the beautiful view of the river and its valley soothed us at Brady, but more than likely it was the Confederate in us that aroused us at Hoke.

Life and Death

By Jacqueline Phillips

Beloved life is sweet and dear to all,
With many years of sad and joyous days,
That always come and go in unlike ways,
As future fates to each of us do call.
No matter who we are; great or small,
We travel o'er the rugged path of life
Enduring all the grief and pain of strife,
In spite of ev'ry unknown rise and fall.
But swift and sudden, fleeting life recedes,
And face to face with death we come at last;
For each and ev'ry walk of life soon leads
To secret realms untold, immense and vast;
Obscure and hidden become our worldly deeds,
When into the great beyond we all are cast.



A Confederate Aeronaut

By Elizabeth B. Townsend

Illustrated by Mary Ellen Trakas

April 16, '62

Lieutenant Randolph Bryan:

Report to Headquarters.

John S. Smith, Adjutant.

Bryan glanced at the slip. A strange feeling crept over him. He knew exactly what the instructions were to be. He had heard the same instructions twice before. He had been lucky then—but now?

He walked up the board walk to the rustic house which served as headquarters for General Joseph E. Johnston. He went in without knocking.

"Lieutenant Bryan reporting," he announced while making a quick Confederate salute.

"Lieutenant Bryan," the General said, "the enemy seems to be moving again as indicated by the smoke from their fires, but we cannot be certain. The men in the crow's nest can see nothing in this flat wooded country—"

"—And the only thing to do is make another balloon trip," interrupted Bryan.

"Yes. There will be a full moon in about two days. Do you consider it possible to make your observation by moonlight?" the General asked.

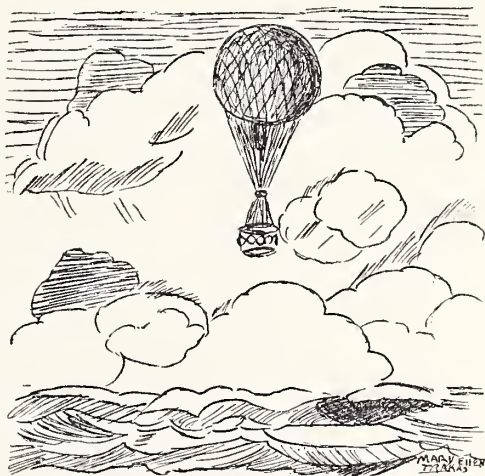
"Yes, sir."

"The balloon will be filled by six-thirty. Report for duty at that time Friday evening."

"Yes, sir," Bryan said, saluting.

* * * *

Friday evening men from neighboring camps came and helped to fill



the large balloon with hot air which was carried into it through a stove pipe. The balloon was made of heavy cotton cloth and covered with several coatings of tar to make it absolutely airtight. A basket just large enough to hold one man was hung from the bottom. The balloon was tied to the earth and operated by two draft horses and a windlass. This was the South's first try at a balloon.

As Lieutenant Bryan was lifted into the basket, the men voiced a great cheer. There was much commotion in untying the ropes and freeing the balloon.

The supply rope was nearly gone. Jan Joseph and Maury Hill, two young volunteers who had never seen anything fly except a bird, were so amazed and intent in watching that Jan stepped into the coil of supply rope which went through the windlass. The balloon was tugging with such terrific force that Jan got tangled in the swiftly unwinding rope. Maury, seeing his friend in such immediate danger, cut the rope—the only rope holding the balloon!

The balloon shot up to an altitude of two miles. Bryan frantically waved his signal flags, but on looking down he saw the rope, his only connection with the world, swinging free!

The rapid ascension took away his breath.

"Heaven help me!" he gasped realizing his position. To jump was his first thought. That meant certain death! There was no chance in that, but it would be a quick death!

In his bewildered mind he thought that certainly he had been up long enough to be over the Chesapeake Bay. Then the wind changed. Now he would land in Yankee territory. At the rate the air in the balloon was cooling, he would be near the earth, and in the daylight the Yankees could see him coming and get him with the cannons tilted at a 30 degree angle.

Soon he was low enough to see that he had gone west up the York river. At least he was out of Yankee territory!—unless a breeze should spring up.

A lull in the wind came just as he was suspended over mid-stream. The balloon was deflating rapidly. He could hear the rope cutting the water below.

He tugged at his boots. Never would he be able to swim ashore impeded by these. The constant swish of the rope alarmed him. With the aid of his pocket knife he cut the sides of the boots.

The wind changed. He was again over the land—getting lower and

lower—so low, in fact, he feared that the top of a tall tree would tip the basket.

“Thank Heavens! A clearing!”

He cautiously climbed over the side of the basket. Slowly he climbed down the rope—

Bulletin Number 69.

*Lieutenant Bryan reported safe after 15 hours adrift
in balloon.*

John S. Smith, Adjutant.



Autumn

By Frances Robinson

Since days of old, so we are told,
The seasons ever come and go;
And autumn with beauties manifold
Is really best of all, I know.
The trees are touched with red and gold
As if with firelight gleam aglow.

In rustic hues are elm and beech,
Which blend with crimson oak that's nigh.
Now and again the winds upreach
To loose a leaf with gentle sigh.
They tumble down, each upon each
And on an acorn cushion lie.

Soft, soft the squirrel slips across,
And home his winter stores conveys.
He steals behind a tuft of moss
If o'er his path a wanderer strays;
Then up he scampers ere the loss
Of nuts that are for winter days.

Salvaged Stockings

By Nellie Burt Wright



O other ears it was only the snap of an elastic band, but to mine it seemed like the explosion of a bomb. It all happened when I tried to arise from my seat in the theatre.

Elastic garters have an unfortunate way of succumbing to their duties at the most inopportune times, leaving behind them the victims of inexpressible embarrassment.

I sat as one transfixed to his seat. My escort who had by this time reached the middle aisle was smiling and beckoning to me. (How could he smile at a time like this?)

My poor little stocking, which had been solely dependent on her deceased supporter, was fast descending. Knowing that my only alternative was to get up and leave, I prepared to do so. I kicked my hosiery supporter under the seat, and this act gave me the satisfaction of having gotten some revenge.

Upon leaving the theatre I found myself wedged in among numbers of people, and I was fortunately able to save my stocking from a complete downfall by grasping it with my left hand. When we finally entered upon the brightly lighted main street I knew my efforts were futile. My stocking had just had another relapse because of some steps which prevented me from holding on any longer, and the result was inevitable. I felt it going down—down—down. It never stopped until it hit the ankle—then draped itself picturesquely over my shoe. I began to hear titters and snickers from the mob behind, and I tried to make myself believe that these were not intended for me. My next thought was to keep my escort's mind centered skyward. He must not look down!

I babbled on indefinitely about the stars and moon, but the firmament was all too soon exhausted and I took desperate measures to keep his gaze always upward. I invented a kind of game in which we counted all the lighted signs on either side of the street. To add to my misery, I found that walking (with one shoe draped in rayon) was a great effort. I devised a method of putting my right foot forward and dragging my left around with a circular motion which made me resemble a sort of walking vacuum cleaner.

My stocking had by this time completely covered my shoe and a large portion of it was trailing behind and collecting most of the debris on the

sidewalk. My embarrassment knew no bounds and the cruel pedestrians spared me none.

I soon realized that my pitiful plight was the source of all the amusement going on behind me.

However, things can't go on forever and we soon reached our parked car, which had seemed like an unattainable goal to me. I did some quick work from the time I got in the car and the few precious moments it took for my unsuspecting friend to get in the other door.

We drove off triumphantly—my hosiery was saved!



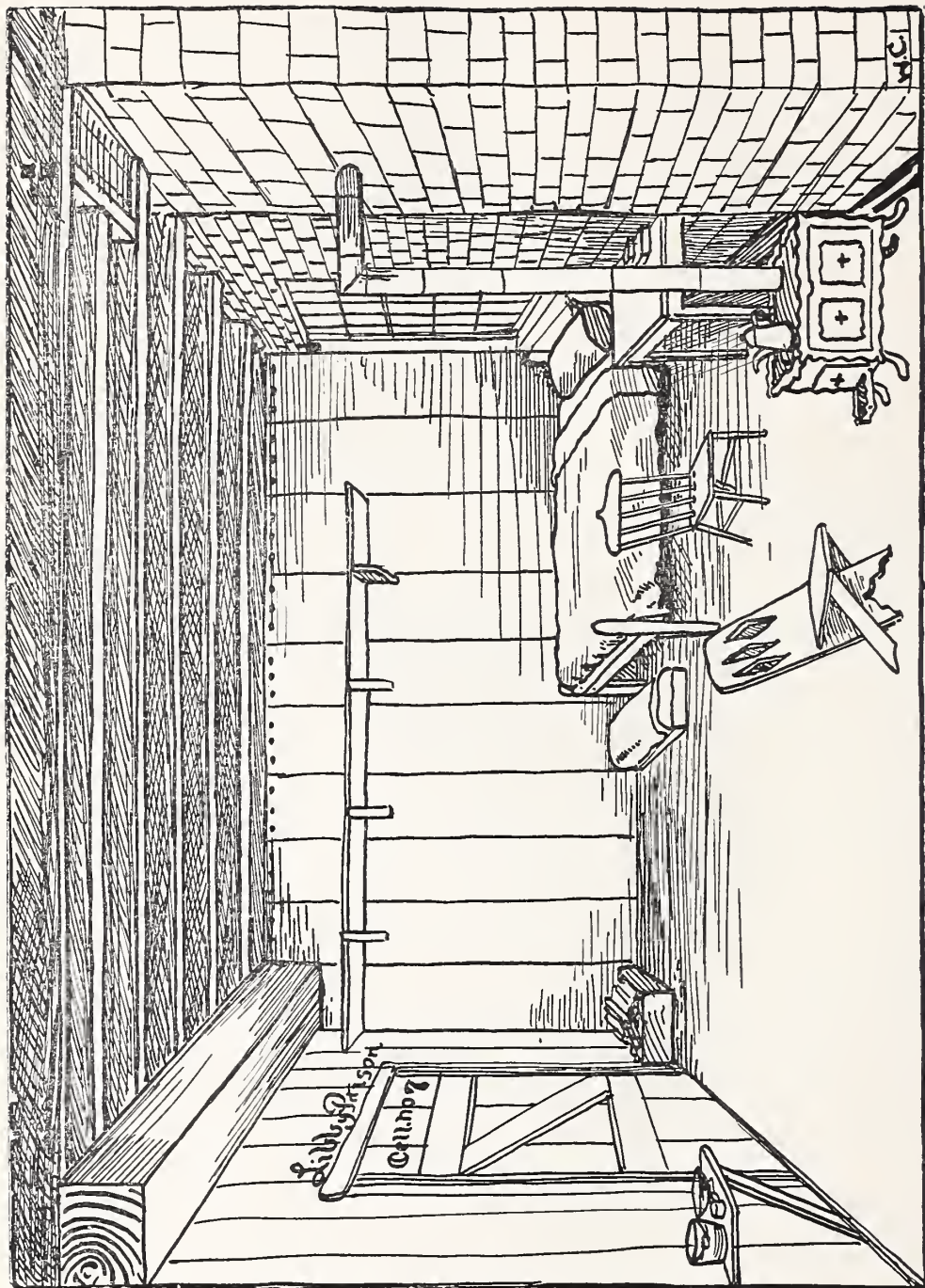
On the Beach at Night

By Bill Plummer

The sky was clear, the stars shone bright,
Praising God and His great might.
The beach was empty save for me,
Staring at the turbulent sea,
Seeing nothing but the tide
Changing slowly at my side.

The waves that broke upon the shore
Engulfed me in a mighty roar;
Seeing me on a dry white beach
They seemed to dare me to their reach.
But on they came with groping fingers,
Salty water that never lingers.

The angry hiss of flying spray
Told me the waves were not at play.
Each time they broke, they raced to me
Until at last I had to flee.
The once clear sky now held the form
Of a dark, approaching storm.



A CELL IN LIBBY PRISON (from a drawing by a Confederate officer)
—redrawn by William Crowder

Memories Now

By Edythe Martinsen

Illustrated by J. B. Jackson

LIBBY PRISON



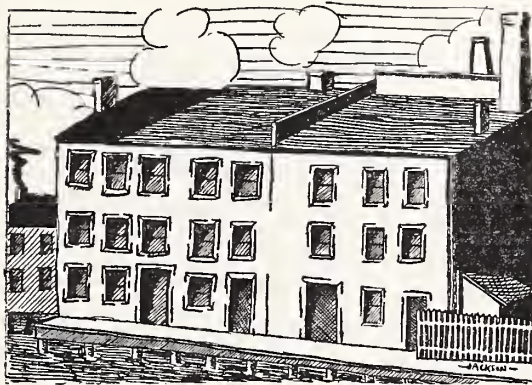
FACING the rolling James, in the east end of Richmond, stands an old dilapidated ice-plant. Any person might pass by and not even notice it, if it were not for the huge sign which boldly proclaims "Ice Plant." This in itself would be of no significance to the casual passerby, but our guide, Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, stopped us to carry us back through the years to the time when there was no ice plant. This spot was the site of the "greatest misery" anywhere in Richmond during the Civil War. Here stood Libby Prison.

Before the war a ship chandler's plant was located here.

The prisoners which were captured at Manassas had to be housed somewhere, so they were brought south. The store was rented and was converted into a prison. There were seven thousand prisoners who were herded and crowded into those small quarters. Many of the men were unable to withstand the hardships and died. Scarcity of food made the prisoners desperate. At times they had to eat the rats which crawled around this loathsome place.

The basement of the building was empty, and some of the prisoners dug a hole large enough for one man to crawl through. One night about a hundred of the men attempted to escape from the prison. Fifty of them succeeded in getting away from this rat-infested inferno.

After the Civil War, Libby Prison was torn down and carried to the Chicago World's Fair, held in 1890.



CHIMBORAZO PARK

Chimborazo Park is situated on a lofty hill above "Tobacco Row." From the top of the hill one can see the site of Chief Powhatan's Village.

On the top of the hill is an old Indian sacrificial stone which is said to be John Smith's execution stone.

The inscription on the stone is as follows:

"An old Indian Stone removed from and now overlooking the Powhatan Site the royal residence of King Powhatan when Captain John Smith made the first permanent English settlement in this country at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607."

The Powhatan Village gradually grew, and by 1665 was quite a town. During the intervening years many horrible massacres and ruinous fires took place.

The early colonists came up to the fall line and, disappointed at not being able to go to the Pacific, settled along the flats below Chimborazo Hill.

At the time Thomas Jefferson was governor of Virginia, the British cavalry charged up the hill and ran the Continentals out of Richmond. The city was saved from burning by Benedict Arnold.

During 1864 and 1865 there were about a hundred and fifty buildings situated here. Among these buildings was the Chimborazo Hospital, the largest one prior to the war. At one time there were as many as seventy thousand soldiers there.

The Weather Bureau is the only building on Chimborazo Hill at the present time.

On the far west side of the park, rising against the horizon, is Virginia's Memorial to the World War Veterans, and nearby is a monument to the Confederacy.

VAN LEW HOUSE

The Van Lew House was once a famous place in Richmond. A woman Federal spy lived here during the Civil War. In the tiling in front of the fireplace was found a secret compartment. Here the woman hid valuable war papers. On the mantel were iron images of animals. These, too, had secret compartments, where the woman spy kept treasures.

The famous old house no longer is here, but instead stands one of Richmond's modern junior high schools.

MONUMENTAL CHURCH

Monumental Church was built in 1812 as a memorial to more than

seventy people who lost their lives in a fire which destroyed a theater on the site on the night of December 26, 1811. The Governor of Virginia was among the many who lost their lives in this great disaster.

Edgar Allan Poe's mother had acted in this theater a few months before the fire.

In this same theater the Virginia Convention of 1788 had ratified the Federal Constitution.

GAMBLE'S HILL PARK

In 1645 Fort Charles was erected on Gamble's Hill at the falls of the James to protect the settlers from the Indians. A cross was planted here in the name of the King. The cross was put up by Captain Newport and John Smith. A new cross was put up by the Virginia Historical Society in memory of these brave settlers who came here on June 10, 1607.

Below Gamble's Hill are the remains of the James River-Kanawha Canal Transportation System. George Washington was the first president of this organization in 1785.



Diamonds

By Charles Spain


The moon is bright, the dew has fallen,
The night is cool and clear and sweet,
And as I stand in awe, I see
Small, lovely diamonds at my feet.

The shining moon on dew-laid grass
Brings forth this sparkling, glistening scene;
One does not see material wealth,
But beauty in this view serene.

Let's stay awhile and do not go,
Enjoy the sweetness of the night;
Our God is such a gracious God
To give His children such a sight.

A Soldier's Fun

By Frances Busch Johnson

“ ES-S'R, I was right there when Grant came down with his men to the Crater,” said old Jed Marks to his visitor.

Jed was a tall man who stooped slightly. He hobbled about on crutches, “because,” Jed said, “one of them ‘dam Yankees’ got one of my legs.”

He had white hair and a long white beard. There were gaps in his mouth that teeth once filled, and the few teeth that remained were stained by tobacco.

He wore an old grey coat which the visitor recognized as one used during the war. Jed had put it on for the special occasion of a visitor.

His little one-room cabin seemed to be a background provided for this Confederate soldier. Inside there were shelves around the four walls that held minnie balls, bullets, and pieces of shells that were the envy of the museums. Old Jed was as proud of these as he was of the guns that hung on the walls. The only thing modern in the room was a framed map of Petersburg, the Cockade City, which Jed had recently bought and prized highly.

“Those Yankees blew up a part of our line and killed a great many of our men and scared some of them ’most to death. But I lived through it; they didn’t get old Jed Marks,” Jed continued chuckling to himself.

“Would you like to hear about a little trick I played on one of those Union soldiers?” he went on. “Wasn’t hardly the time for playin’ tricks, I guess, but I did it, yes siree,” Jed chuckled again.

The visitor nodded in affirmation to Jed’s question, and Jed continued.

“Well, it was on the thirtieth of July in 1864, a sultry hot day with the sun beating down and scorching the fields till it seemed as if the very ground would burn up.

“We was lyin’ all around, not expectin’ any fighting on that day; we didn’t expect the Yankees would fight on a day like that, when all of a sudden there was a bang and a jolt that seemed to shake the whole earth. Everybody jumped up, and ’bout that time here came a troop of blue uniforms through the gap the explosion had made. We men got to our places in a jiffy and did some right smart fighting too,” said Jed with pride in his voice.

“That was one hard fight out there. I never saw one as bad before

or after, and I hope I never do. It came so quick-like and lasted so long. We fought all through that day and the next too. Lots of us were killed, but those of us that remained held our line and finally forced the Federals back.

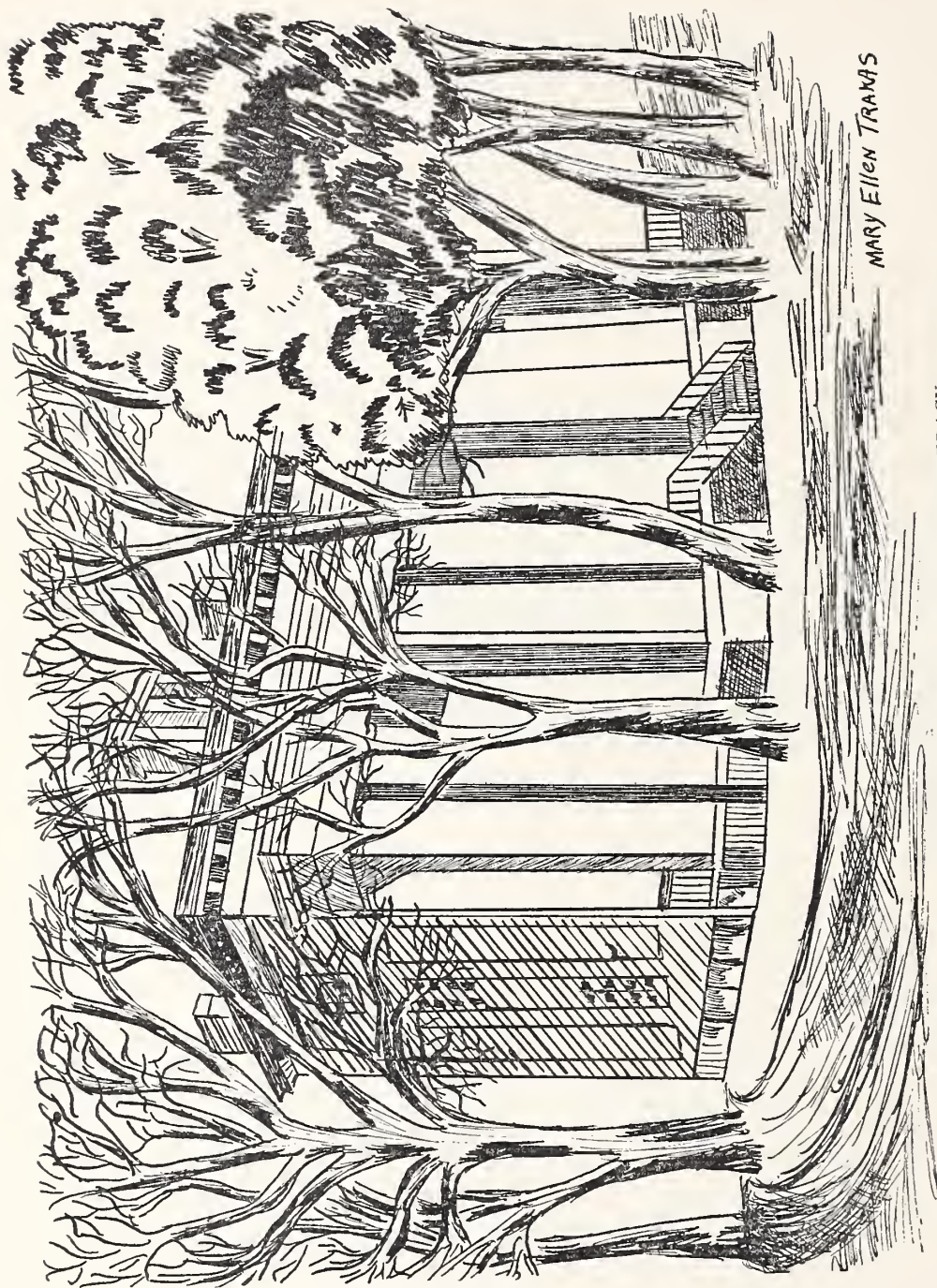
"Just as they were retreating I saw one Union man, not far away, raise his gun and aim. I could see that he was aiming at me, so I dropped down on the ground, but not before the bullet hit me in the leg, here," and he pointed to his legless side.

"He thought I was dead, and I laid right still till he was out of sight; then I got up and limped back to my fort. That was the only physical injury I got in the war, and I guess I was right lucky. I reckon that soldier got killed. That's bad. I always felt like I'd played a mean joke on him. I reckon he'd rather know I was livin' than dead. I'd like to know what became of him."

The visitor spoke for the first time since Jed had begun relating his story. "Yes, I guess he would rather know you were living. The Yankees did not want to kill any more than the Rebels did."

Jed looked up quickly, wondering if this man could be from the North. He searched the man's face, but he could find nothing to confirm his suspicions. So he said, "Yeh, I guess he got shot later. I kinda hate to think of it, though; he was so young, just a boy about the age of my own. I don't reckon I'll ever see him."

"So that is what happened to that man I shot," thought the visitor as he walked away. "I always thought he dropped before the bullet hit him."



THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY

—drawn by Mary Ellen Trakas

MARY ELLEN TRAKAS

Richmond Through Its Museums

By Joel Andrews



EVERYONE likes to browse around in museums. Somehow, there is in my mind a connection: museums—bookstores. You never can tell what may turn up in one, for a good museum has enough surprises to last a lifetime. One does not have to be serious-minded to enjoy them, and yet there is much to be learned in one, if we so wish. To the curiosity-seeker, as well as the scholar, the museums of Richmond hold forth unlimited opportunities, for they are as completely stocked as a museum can be.

The Confederate Museum in Richmond reminds one of a wealthy storehouse cluttered and packed from top to bottom with innumerable treasures that money cannot buy. Since the old Confederate Capitol was placed in the hands of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in 1890, its contents have grown by leaps and bounds until today it houses an enormous number of Civil War relics gathered together from all over the South. Strange to say, not a thing on exhibit in the museum has been purchased; worthy Southerners have graciously donated all those little odds and ends which have such a priceless value to posterity.

Do not think that, because most of the things in the Confederate Museum are small, they are not worthy of reflection. Each article in the collection had its integral part in the War Between the States. Each relic has a story to it; of that story we are able to glean but little, but could it only speak, what a tale it would tell!

It is truly amazing how well-preserved are all these articles. It seems a miracle that all those things are with us after so many years.

One of the most striking things in the entire museum is the portion of the Virginia Room devoted to the memory of the commanding officers in the Confederate army. Separate glass cases contain all available relics of each great leader of the South, some of whom gave their lives, and all of whom forsook better positions to fight with their fellow Southerners. All those things which were useful and dear to them while living are, years after their deaths, exhibited for the appreciation of us who are the descendants of them, the men who fought for or against these great leaders.

Among the different cases are those set aside for Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, and Joseph E. Johnston. Their uniforms, hats, pistols, long swords, gauntlets, heavy spurs, and even field

glasses are perfectly preserved. From these articles of apparel one can reconstruct an imaginary picture of each of the great generals as he looked to his faithful soldiers. Their clothes are side by side today as no doubt they must have been from time to time in discussing important military strategies.

We are reminded of the death of Jackson at the hands of his own men by the absence of his coat from the case. It was too torn and bloody to exhibit. Indeed, the great general's blood may still be seen on the coat of the major in whose arms he was carried to his deathbed. There is also Jackson's ugly old black cap which he wore tilted far down in order to keep the sun out of his weak eyes. We can see him now, marching at the rapid rate for which he is famous with his cap at that cocky angle! General Lee's field glasses remind us of the pains he must have taken, straining his eyes to the limit, trying to catch sight of the enemy.

Around the relics of these great men the Virginia Room and the whole museum may be said to revolve, for truly they were the heart of the struggle. This is the reason why a visitor to the museum is generally shown these exhibits first! then he may branch out leisurely into the thousand and one odds and ends rotating about them.

Among this inexhaustable supply of miscellany we notice several old games of chess, a pastime quite popular during the Civil War and often indulged in by the soldiers between battles. There are small dolls, luxuriously dressed in old-fashioned frills and lace.

A reminder of the women's part in the war is a Confederate flag made from the wedding gown of General A. P. Hill's wife. A copy of the "Rebel," that played such an important part in the war, is shown. One may see the original flag of the Ku Klux Klan, that renowned vigilante organization of the South so often spoken of with a mixture of fear and admiration. Another memento to the Confederate women is an old spinning wheel, which no doubt spun countless yards of Southern cotton all through the war. Heavily hand-carved chairs and inlaid tables recall the aristocratic splendor of the old Southern manors.

* * * *

The city of Richmond abounds in recollections of General Robert E. Lee, largely because the closing years of the Civil War were fought around the city and Lee had to be in Richmond almost constantly. The house which he used as residence and headquarters during that time has been made the home of the Virginia Historical Society. In the building may be found many mementos of him and his family. There is a chair that belonged to Mrs. Lee, and also one that was owned by Dolly Madison, the

President's wife. Truly a historical table is the one here on which George Mason of Fairfax wrote the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of Virginia; also a tray from which all the Presidents from Washington to Lincoln were served.

The museum contains such a valuable collection of old manuscripts that a fire-proof structure has been built in the rear to protect them. One of the most ancient documents on display is the "History of Virginia" by John Smith. Another interesting one is the diary of George Washington. We longed to open these old manuscripts and peruse at leisure the intimate material stored in them, but were asked not to handle them lest we injure their delicate leaves.

* * * *

On the first floor of the Valentine Museum one finds still more treasures of Richmond. Priceless pieces of sculpture by Edward Virginus Valentine form a most remarkable exhibit in a small chapel in the rear. Perhaps the most famous of these is the recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee, the original of which is above his crypt at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. The great man's reclining figure imparts a reverent atmosphere to the little chapel, and one is almost inclined to walk on tiptoes. This may be called the highlight of the exhibit, a lasting tribute to a great Southern gentleman. A statue of Lee astride his famous horse, Traveler, gives one an idea of how he must have looked to those who followed him faithfully during the bitter fighting around Richmond.

Whenever one thinks of Lee he is naturally reminded of the commander's right-hand man, "Stonewall" Jackson. A precious relic of Jackson is his death mask, the only one in existence, which rests in state on an old rose-colored pillow. The mask was taken directly after he was killed so tragically by his own soldiers at Chancellorsville. The well-defined cheeks, somewhat sunken because of his illness, the slender aquiline nose, the thin, tightly-pressed lips, all serve to show us the strong character of this remarkable personage. In the words of Dr. Douglas S. Freeman: "Certainly there is something almost Christlike about that face—so calm and peaceful."

Another famous statue by Valentine included in the display is a vivid delineation of a blind girl. One can only imagine the infinite pains which the sculptor took in carving the girl's life-like facial expression of innocence and wonder. The cold, hard stone has been transformed into something almost human. We can truly appreciate art more if we consider the extent of patience a true artist must have.

The remainder of the first floor of the Valentine Museum is devoted

to exhibits which are changed from time to time. At present there is an interesting group of cut-out illustrations which depict scenes in the history of Richmond, dating from the early, colonial days up to the present time. These were made by the Richmond Works Progress Administration workers.

Thus may one note the enthusiastic interest which the citizens of Richmond still take in the historical features of their city. Without this co-operative influence, the city might not be able to boast of such well-preserved relics and fine museums. We are truly indebted to all those persons of the South who have done their part in making the museums of Richmond a historical chronicle worthy of hours and hours of interesting study and contemplation.



The Moon

By Doris Tyler

As I was standing alone,
And gazing into the skies,
I beheld a fair-faced maiden
With a silvery veil o'er her eyes.

My Diary Says—

By Sara Farber

November 6, 1937; Dear Diary,



ODAY I had a most wonderful experience. I rambled through the antiquated pages of an old, old diary. It was the diary Richmond kept! The charm of it enveloped me. The tiniest things attracted me. These tiny things always seem to make our lives so colorful. Dr. Douglas S. Freeman lingered with us and interpreted the pages of this beautiful book. How rich he made it appear!

As I turned the leaves of Richmond's old diary, my eye was attracted by St. John's Church. It is an unforgettable, cherished memory. No sooner had my eye been attracted by it than my whole being was fascinated. I drank up its simple beauty.

There stood upon the hilly bit of land the plain, white frame building with its distinguished air. The cross of its steeple formed a beautiful silhouette against a clear, blue sky. In the church yard, many gray-white tombstones appeared. Surrounding the yard was a heavy brick wall. Thus my being had its first taste of St. John's Church.

As I ascended the walk a feeling of veneration encompassed me. I wondered how my thoughts corresponded with those of William Byrd when he first planned the church in 1732. Had he ever dreamed that the simple little structure would play a predominant part in history? Such a vivid imagination seemed impossible—yet there it stood, quiet and serene, "The Cradle of the American Revolution."

I mechanically walked up the church steps by the side of Dr. Freeman. He greeted the old negro janitor—a typically Southern darky with his polite manner which enriched the hospitable atmosphere.

My eyes wandered over the church. It was typical of the times. The floors were covered with maroon carpeting. An elaborate oil chandelier decorated the ceiling. The sun's rays made the beautiful stained-glass windows even more enchanting. The pulpit was heavy-set and octagon-shaped and was considerably elevated, and above it was an octagon-shaped canopy. The church of today is larger than the original church. The pews were a heavy mahogany. Each pew had its individual little gate at its entrance. In the third pew on the right side of the church, Patrick Henry sat

in 1775. Dr. Freeman gave us a vivid description of the Virginia Convention. I closed my eyes for a minute. Instead of the quiet of the church, I saw the hustle and bustle of people entering. I heard the whispers. I saw the stern faces in the pews. The tenseness of the occasion had overcome me. On the third day, the situation seemed critical. My heart was heavy—I, like everyone else, waited to see what the opinion of the great patriot would be. How well I remember him as he rose very calmly. He was a great six-footer with a firm jaw and flashing blue eyes. His voice rolled through the church. His personality overwhelmed the assembly. It was manifest that the aim of the crown plainly was to subdue the colonies. I heard his strong, distinct voice as he said, in part:

“The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms . . . I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”

The agitation was great! Realizing the importance of the occasion, a bystander, Edward Carrington, by name, looking through the low window of the church, exclaimed, “When I die, I want to be buried here!” Just outside the window where that figure of emotion stood, now he lies in quiet sleep.

We turned to leave the interior of the church. I saw Dr. Freeman slip a bill into the proud old darky’s hand, saying, “Janitor, I haven’t seen you in a long time. Take care of things.”

I thrilled as I heard the “Yas, suh—I will. I sho’ will, Dr. Freeman.”

We then meandered through the churchyard taking notice of the old graves. We read the inscription on the grave of Edward Carrington, just outside of the low window.

We walked over to a white, marble tombstone. Linked with it was such a sweet story. The story is a tragedy, but it is made so much more colorful in Richmond’s diary.

In 1811 St. John’s Church served as a public cemetery. About this time there lived down on 23rd street a certain actress. She was a little woman, very sweet. Her husband was known as the “world’s worst actor.” This actress died and was buried in St. John’s cemetery. She left two children, a dull-witted little girl and a brilliant little boy. The boy grew to be one of the outstanding writers of this country. In front of this tomb was the inscription: “Elizabeth Arnold Poe.” On the back of the tomb were the beautiful words written about her by her devoted son, Edgar Allan. I read them with a great feeling of reverence. My fingers tingled. My heart seemed to beat the rhythm of “The Raven.”

We then strolled over to the other side of the yard. There on a little hill stood an insignificant white-gray tombstone. The man buried there was a little, bald-headed school teacher. This teacher had several pupils who became outstanding men of our country. He taught Peyton Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Marshall. This little fellow was the first law professor in America. He played a great part in the molding of our government; he had the distinction of being the first to sign the Declaration of Independence. On the simple tomb I read: "George Wythe."

"We must go," said Dr. Freeman; "there's so much more to see." I had to turn the pages of Richmond's diary. What a beautiful diary it was! The heart of it was St. John's Church.

I yearned to pay tribute to it, but I didn't deem myself worthy of erecting simple phrases to correspond with this rare beauty. I thanked God for Henry and Poe. It was their words that made it immortal.

Diary dear, we shall keep in our hearts the richness of it. We have lived it again—bringing ourselves greatest satisfaction because of its beauty. We ask no more.



Trees

By John Grigg

The trees bending back and forth
In the wind
Are like unto savages
Dancing wildly
Around their campfire
Just before a battle.

Metaphors

Seasons

By Hazel Wilson

The seasons are very pretty maids
And have a sunny smile;
Each dresses to suit her natural whim
And wears the latest style.

And Summer who is very shy
Is dressed in a pretty gown;
Upon her lovely head you'll find
She wears a flowery crown.

Oh, Autumn dresses in colors gay
And always looks her best,
But Spring's a very pretty lass,
More stylish than the rest.

Now Winter dresses in darker clothes
When she is feeling sad,
But when she wears her ermine coat
You know she's feeling glad.

The Dancer

By Inez Coley

The trees in autumnal colors spread,
Dance in the breeze like chorus girls;
Each leaf a different color lends
To make complete the chorus band;
While winds go whistling through branches thin,
Each brown, yellow, and gold leaf bends.

Fraud

By William Radcliffe



ONE day last summer, I had two cents that I did not know what to do with, so I played the "numbers", and, much to my surprise, I hit for ten dollars. That called for a celebration, so without further preparation, I went down to the station, and I bought a one-way ticket to Washington on the first train north. After buying my ticket, I had only five dollars and fifty cents left of my vast fortune in my pocket.

As the train was nearing Fredericksburg, I happened to see several people returning from the front of the train, picking their teeth and licking their lips. This put the eating idea into my head; I went immediately to the front of the train, and I sat down at one of the many small tables. A waiter brought me a glass of water and a menu.

The menu being in French, I was not able to read it, so I solemnly told him to bring me the whole first row.

He looked at me queerly and said, "What will you have?"

I repeated the order very much louder than before, "The whole first row."

The only thing I could make out on the card was first course, sixty-five cents, or first plate, or row; anyway that's what I thought when I gave him my order.

Soon two waiters returned, each bearing a tray of bowls of various colored and smelling soups, and they proceeded to deposit their burden on my table.

Had they brought this "dishwater" to the wrong table or had they gotten my order mixed up with a group of "Daughters of the Confederacy" who were sitting in the rear of the car killing "Yankees"? Surely all this soup would make an excellent meal for those toothless chatter-boxes, who looked more like mothers of the Confederates rather than their daughters.

The waiter again returned and asked me what I desired for dessert.

This time I examined the menu more carefully, still not being able to throw any more light on the subject than before; I asked him if they had any pie.

The black rascal replied rather haughtily, "We are serving pastry. With, or without, whipped, or frozen cream?"

"With frozen," I curtly replied.

"That will be a quarter extra."

"What!" I stammered in amazement.

"That will be twenty-five cents extra," he drawled, "with frozen cream."

"What," I screamed, "is this meal costing me?"

"So far, for the various courses of soup that you have ordered, it is three dollars and fifty cents."

"Forget the dessert," I groaned, and as I dug up the three "bucks" and fifty cents the train pulled into Fredericksburg.

I did not wait for the porter to open the door; I pushed it open and almost ran to the bus station to see if I had money enough left to get home.

This little adventure cured me of traveling for a while, at least.



Faithfulness

By Virginia Carterette

Little puppy sleeping in the sun,
O fuzzy little puppy lying there,
You seem to have no worry or a care,
Wishing that your master soon will come,
Trudging home at last when day is done.
Your days with him are always bright and fair;
Under your faithful master's loving care
Your life is but a world of play and fun.
One evening you stand watching at the gate
A lonely little figure standing there
Wondering why your master is so late;
Without his presence all the world seems bare.
You do not know what is your master's fate,
But still you love him though he is not there.

By The Way

By F. Booth Uzzle

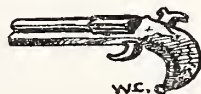
Illustrated by William Crowder



URING the days of the war in Richmond, as in all other Southern cities, money values ran so ridiculously high that prices for articles that might be obtained for a mere nothing today were absurd. One particular dress of not very pretty calico which I noticed in the capitol of the Confederacy cost Jefferson Davis one thousand dollars; and a yard of ribbon probably cost twenty-five dollars.

As may well be expected, St. John's Church called to my mind our own old Blandford Church, the only outstanding difference being the deception of the outward appearance of St. John's. Its frame, clapboard aspect from the outside instilled no thought of an elaborate interior. But inside is a delightful change to smooth, sturdy-looking walls and the thickly-carpeted floor deadening the unnecessary noises made by visitors.

Being a descendant of that . . . John Wilkes Booth, I was quite interested in observing a small pistol in the Confederate Museum. It was of the same small model as that used in the assassination of President Lincoln.



Playing on workmen's ladders is still a favorite pastime with youngsters. It proved fatal to Jeff Davis' five-year-old son. As a matter of fact, all of his sons died while still in their minority. To the Northerners (at that time), a significant curse—to Southerners, an unfortunate circumstance.

Paper during the war was most scarce, as is illustrated by the fact that news bulletins (for I really can't term them "newspapers") were printed on the blank side of wall paper . . . and gaudy, old-fashioned, blooming-flower wall paper at that!

A queer, emotional sensation enveloped the staff as they beheld the very coat, hat, and sword used by the truly unvanquished Lee at Appomattox—and they were "white" enough to admit it.

Having identified ourselves as Petersburgers, we were continually

called to observe things with a close relation to "The Cockade City," not the least of which was the initial copy of "Grant's Petersburg Progress." Now there was a paper! Immediately under the dateline on the front page was printed the entirely unusual: "Eternal violence is the price of liberty, and ten cents is the price of our paper." Indeed! And for a paper of that small size, too. The facts: When Grant finally entered our city, he decided he'd like to have a newspaper, so he proceeded to procure the "Evening Progress" for his own purpose. One of the prominent articles was headed: "Petersburg Is Ours!"; another, "We, Us, and Company. . ."

Lend an ear, ye history scholars: "Ye h'ain't heard the half of it yet": Those guns that the Lewis and Clark boys carried half across our continent were not hip pistols by any means. They had a barrel on them almost seven feet long! "In the days of yore, when men were men . . ."

. . . And speaking of miniature cannons, we all became quite interested in a sawed-off shot-gun which had as its poor, pitiful remains only seven feet, four inches of barrel and stock.

The newspapers and shot-guns were on display in the modern structure at the rear of the house used by Lee as his Richmond headquarters. Also here we noticed with interest a pair of Lord Fairfax's boots. And one look at the displayed bonnet convinced us there's nothing new in these black and blue nightmares worn by modern women "stylists."

And continuing the same idea: we have nothing new here: the Valentine Museum exhibits a Medieval Missal. It was a prayer book and was written in Latin.

. . . Latin, Latin? Yes, Latin. Which brings to mind that French classical sculptor who could conceive of the great George Washington only as a Roman senator, and so proceeded to attire him in a short skirt, wave his hair, Romanize his nose, and put a scroll in his hand!

Petersburg has produced a little of everything, including even inventors. The particular "brainstorm" in mind is an exercise chair, "good for the digestion," which the restorers of the Wickham residence saw fit to be put in the nursery—evidently as a pacifier. Ah, it was a marvelous bit of apparatus, producing almost three motions at one time!





“The Nile”

By Emil Ludwig

Reviewed by Anne Frank



N HIS latest book, “The Nile,” Emil Ludwig has created an entirely new type of biography—the life story of a river. Thinking of this river as being human and also as being a genius, Mr. Ludwig has started with the thunderous source of the Nile, Ripon Falls, and has carried us on down stream, showing us all the way how the character of this mighty river has molded and through what hardships and terrifying experiences it has passed, becoming wiser and stronger for those experiences as all truly great men should, and receiving help from his gallant brother, the Blue Nile, and how they glide side by side through the desert; then he shows us how, at the height of its manhood, it takes up the struggle with humans, is defeated, tamed, and made to create man’s fortunes, and how in the end it accomplishes more tragedy than in all its early wildness.

In speaking of his book, Mr. Ludwig says, “It is the river that travels; it is the river’s adventures that enthrall us My only aim was to make its destiny clear, as a great parable.” He has certainly succeeded in doing this. In reading this book, one is gay with the Nile, struggles beside it, is sad with it, is impatient as it sagely flows along bridled by man, and is exultant as he sees that it will do nothing for man unless it wants to and that it will always be the real ruler of the lands through which it flows. Never again can anyone think of the Nile as just a big river; it will always be vital, alive, and real.

Mr. Ludwig has divided this biography into five books. The first one

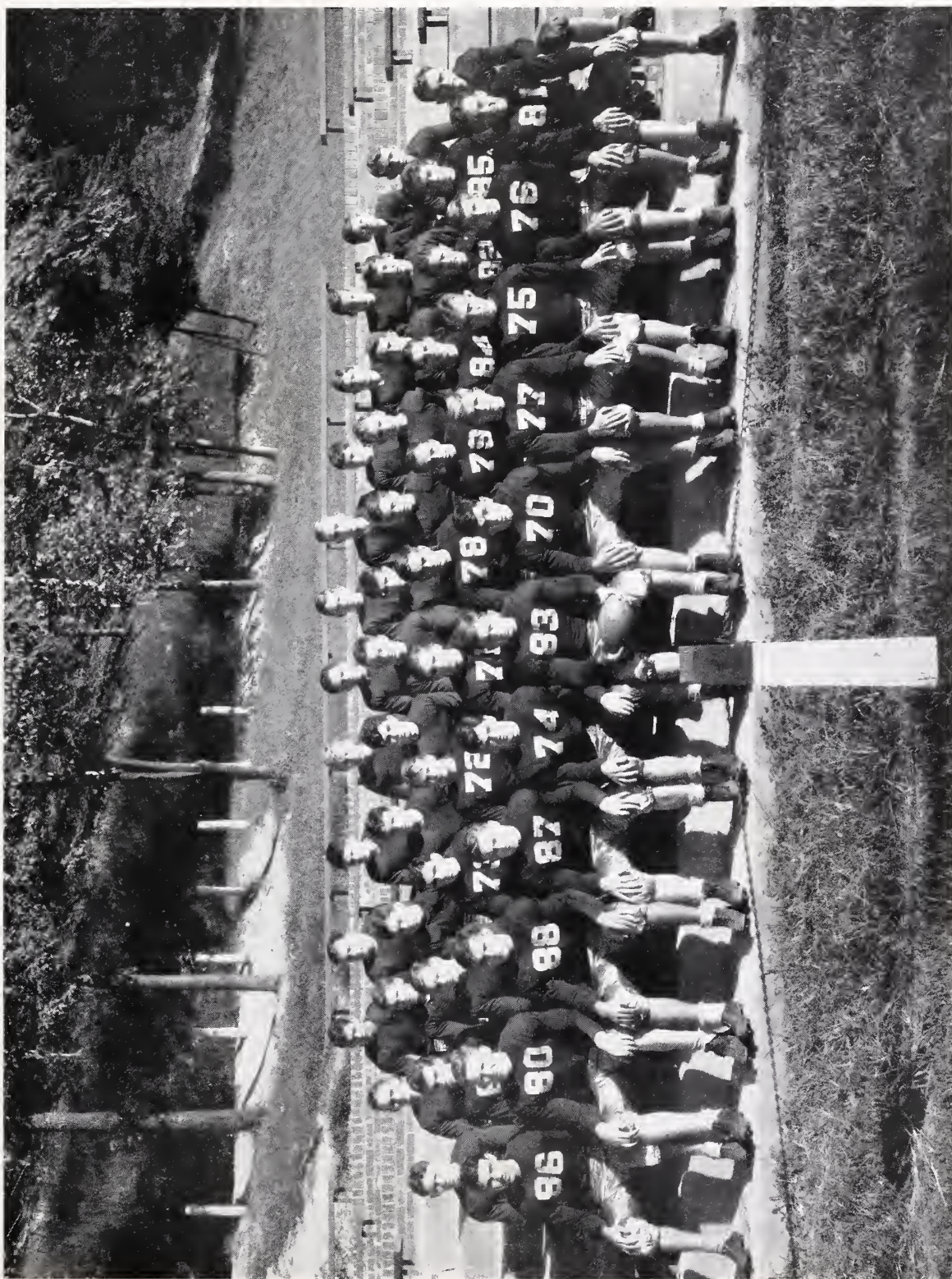
tells of the freedom and adventures of the young river; the second, of its wilder brother, the Blue Nile, coming from Abyssinia to join it; the third, of its struggle with man who tries to get his ships and armies up the Nile; the fourth, of its final conquest by man by means of dams and irrigation ditches and canals to make the land fertile so that man may live; and the fifth of its "golden mouth," of Cairo, and Alexandria.

In each book, the author takes about a thousand miles of the river, describes it, and tells how the river travels its course, then how it affects the people in that locality, and finally tells us the history and tales of the people who were or still are in that territory. These histories and stories are never the least bit boring. They are told in a condensed though interesting and vivid manner.

Emil Ludwig's descriptions in this book are nowhere to be surpassed. He has written them as a truly inspired man. He makes us see through his pen the beauty and power of this Nile, its glorious source, the tumultuousness of its rushing water, the sunset as seen from Aswan dam, and many other things. He makes us revel in the luxuries of the riches of the rulers and shudder deeply at their cruel tortures, and slave and sweat with the oppressed fellah who must continually pay for the whims of his extravagant Pharaoh, Caliph, or Sultan. We see even the wise Solomon fall victim to the wiles of the Queen of Sheba, and Caesar and Anthony to those of Cleopatra. As we follow the Nile, we come in contact with many great men such as Alexander, Napoleon, Gordon, Kitchener, and countless other heroes and adventurers who have made this great river even more colorful.

After bringing us all the way down the river, the author, in the last chapter, swiftly carries us back to its source. Thus he summarizes the whole story in a few lines, and by beginning and ending his book with the same phrase, "A roar heralds the river," he shows us the immortality of the Nile.

Speaking of Emil Ludwig's work, the "News-Week" says, "Bismarcks and Napoleons come and go, but the Nile flows on forever."



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM
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“And So—Victoria”

By Vaughn Wilkins

Reviewed by Frances Busch Johnson



ONE year ago “Gone With the Wind” was nominated the outstanding book of '36. Nominated as the foremost candidate for the honor of 1937 is “And So—Victoria.” In the words of Sid Williams of the Philadelphia Inquirer, “It is a gorgeous yarn. Dickens himself was not more fertile in hîstrionic device. It will surely sweep the country.”

Vaughn Wilkins, a native of Wales, has sustained the reader's interest throughout the book by a continuous succession of dramatic climaxes. An exciting tale alive with strife and royal intrigue, it is a skillfully told and absorbing story of love, adventure, and mystery.

Mr. Wilkins has so charmingly inspired a story timed to keep the reader in breathless suspense. The characters are vividly alive participating in the thrilling episodes which dot the pages of a book of sparkling and veiled magic.

All of the critics are not unanimous in praise of this book, for the New York Times referred to “And So—Victoria,” as “an English and amateurish ‘Anthony Adverse’.” The theme of the novel is quite similar to that of the enthralling novel of Hervey Allen inasmuch as it treats of the life history of the main character of the story.

The scope of the book is universal; the scene drifts from England to Wales, France, Germany, United States, Mexico, Malta, and Egypt.

It is the uncontrolled period of the Georges of England two decades before the accession of Victoria to the throne—a time when the guillotine has just vanished but is being replaced by war; when royalty is enveloped in shame and scandal. A tragic story of fathers, sons, kings, queens, brothers, and sisters all hating one another. There was only one who was anxious to escape the notoriety of this family—young idealistic Christopher Hornish.

Christopher is used as a “stalking-horse for murder” in the abortive plot to kill the infant Victoria, next in line to the throne of England. He runs away and is picked up by a rascally character in search of chimney sweeps. Traveling with him, Christopher and Deb, his fellow prisoner from the brothels, narrowly escape hanging and are rescued by Charlotte, his dearest friend and lady-in-waiting to the foolish and dowdy Caroline.

Christopher, or "Tops" as he was called by Charlotte, then became the ward of Lord Tetoun, but once again he is captured by his enemies. He escapes into the cucumber bed of an English family and is aided by Arabella with whom he becomes great friends.

All the time Tops is trailed by a villain in the guise of Captain Heywood, equerry and very especial agent to the mad Ernest of Cumberland. There are alleged pests in the army of the bloody Cumberland, the brother of George, to seize succession from Victoria.

Christopher then becomes a cadet in a German Grand Duchy. Deb comes into his life again as a great and wealthy actress, but realizing that she and Christopher can never be more than friends, she leaves Germany.

Christopher is told the long-hidden history of his family by the fatherly Great Duke. With this knowledge his dreams and ideals are crushed, and he leaves the school. After a fruitless quest for Deb, Christopher determines to uncover the plot of Cumberland and save the throne for Victoria. His journey to Wales and the exciting adventures he encounters are related in a stirring fashion. He is again rescued by the dependable Lord Tetoun, who had loved his mother. Here a strip of humor runs through the narrative.

Having obtained enough convincing evidence of the danger of Cumberland, Christopher secures a written statement from William of the baptism of Margaret Atchill, the appellation which Deb has selected. His duties now over, Christopher returns to marry Deb.

A prologue introduces the story in which appear artifices of retribution of a French lady wronged by George III. Vindictive, she purposes to avenge her husband by bringing destruction to the royal family.

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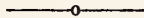
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